National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

VOL. X.---NO. 36. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1850. | WHOLE NUMBER 504.

Published Weekly.
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

Terms,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. Gay, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. Gay, New-York.

NORRIS, PRINTER.

THE STANDARD.

Anti-Slavery Mass Convention,

OF THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT CITY HALL, SYRACUSE.

[*Continued.*]

TUESDAY JAN. 15—EVENING SESSION

The President called to order at 6 1-2 o'clock.

Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Waldo.

The President read the balance of the Report of the Business Comittee; and also the resolution offered by Mr. Pillsbury, and asked for the order of the Convention.

Mr. Burleigh moved that the Convention take up the 6th and 7th resolutions.

Mr. B. said he would also read the following resolution, handed to the Business Committee, and moved its adoption:

"Resolved, that we cannot look towards the Capitol of our country, without seeing there two men incarcerated in the jail belonging to the republic, by order of the U. S. Court, for having done what every lover of liberty and humanity ought to do whenever opportunity offers, to wit, helped a number of fellow men in their endeavor to attempt to escape from Slavery; and that we ought to feel the chain which binds them around our own limbs, and struggle with them and for them, until they are set at liberty.

Mr. Burleigh said he had something to offer, for the reason that no one else proposed to do so. The institution of Slavery had embarrassed the action of the government. Unless its demands were complied with the government could not be allowed to go on. The historical fact cannot be denied, that at the formation of the Constitution, certain demands were made by the slave power before they would give that instrument their approval; and enough were found to yield. And also in the Act of 1793, to make the magistracy of the North the agents of the kidnapper. It could not have been passed but for the oil of northern compromise. I call it *compromise*, in obedience to the common use of the term; it usually implies the giving up of something on both sides.—The compromises of Slavery, are, to ask twice what they think of obtaining, and take up with half or two thirds, and call it it a compromise. Mr. B. illustrated this by the case of a beggar claiming the whole of the farm of an honest man—and finally the beggar consents to a 'compromse' by taking the house, the best cornfield, meadow, pasture, garden, &c., and the farmer finally consents to a 'compromise,' and gives the beggar the best half. Such are the compromises of Slavery. Once, it is in the formation of the fundamental law; then in reclaiming fugitive slaves; then in the apportionment of political power; then in appropriating new territory.—After they had made all the new slave States that could be made out of the original territory, they then took far more: they look to Florida and to the vast territory of Louisiana. But where is the money to come from? The northern 'wooden-nutmeg' fellows can earn the money, and so goes $5, 000,000 for Florida, $15,000,000 for Louisiana—not that they were so essential, but they furnished an additional area for Slavery. Louisiana comes in, and Missouri knocks at the door. The North says to Missouri, you cannot come in as a slave State. The South says it is too late: let us in or we will dissolve the Union.—And they succeeded by the efforts of the arch 'compromiser"—the father of the American system of compromise with wrong by giving up the right.—And they have gone on till the friends of Slavery have been frightened: for free States are springing up where once only the savage and the forest held sway. More slave territory was wanted, and Texas was looked to. I need not give the history of that conspiracy. It succeeded. and it was brought into the Union under the pretence of a compromise.—But what cares Slavery for compromises. It now claims more than was originally claimed; we must go not only from the Neuces to the Rio Grande, but we must get into a quarrel, so that we can get Tamaulipas, Chihuahua,—and so on until we take the whole of Mexico, unless it be absurd to call what is left after taking so many pieces, the whole. We want more money again; and they hold, that the more money is taken out of northern pockets, the more will they be stimulated to industry to replenish, and thus secure a conspicuous development of the qualities of industry and enterprise. They propose that the North should assume the purchase and payment, and the South the burden of occupation!—(Laughter.) Mr. B. went on to review the Tariff system of raising money, to show that the North pay the money which goes to government use. The slave raises the corn he eats—the fish he eats comes from the North—no duties—the cloth, the same—the shoes the same, of which a man can make ten pair a day, after the stuff is closed up. To illustrate the kind of shoes the slaves wear, Mr. B. said he supposed they had heard of the idea of the southern negro. He asked his master where the shoes came from. The master wishing to quiz the negro, said they grew on trees at the North. 'Guess they pick 'em 'fore they ripe,' replied the negro.
(Laughter all over the house.)

Mr. B. continued in illustration of the idea that the taxes for the support of Government were paid by the laborers of the North. He described a Virginia plantation, for sale, and gave a graphic account of the wretched, dilapidated, cheerless, comfortless condition of the establishment—the furniture looking as though it was brought over in the time of John Smith, and everything else in proportion.—Everything on the plantation matched. A man living in that style, would certainly not consume so much of foreign goods, as a Northern laborer. The money, then, comes from Northern pockets.

A bargain was made in the Constitution that the slave property of the South should be a basis, in case of direct taxation, to pay for its representation in Congress But what has that amounted to? Not so much has been raised by direct taxation, as was distributed from the surplus revenue. So that the North paid for Florida, Louisiana, the Mexican war, and for all the other disbursements which Slavery has required.

The question now, the slaveholders tell us, is, Slavery shall go into the new territory, or the Union shall be dissolved. Is not the reason why Slavery should not be extended in the fact that it is wrong? And if wrong, ought it to exist at all?

Mr. Remond would add his testimony to that of Mr. Burleigh. All who have read the history of Slavery for 50 years, can attest the truth of his positions. I am glad he took the financial view of the question. It was well done, and conclusive. But there was the same cost of Northern individuality and liberty, as of Northern money.

He did not propose to introduce the scarred backs of slave fathers; the branded arms of slave mothers; but he proposed to speak of Northern character and citizenship. If the Northern free white men lose one-tenth of their rights of freedom, it is equal to the loss of ninety-nine hundredths of the rights of the slave. There are no free white men or white women before me. When a boy, I went to a Fourth of July celebration, and heard a Mr. Sprague. Many sentiments were expressed, which I set down as Anti-Slavery—such as that of Joseph Warren, that "the question of property in man was not a debateable one—he would not entertain it for a moment." And our schoolboys' delight in repeating the sentiment, that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Is not that Anti-Slavery? Mr. Burleigh might have gone on and added, that we have yet to see a single instance of a Representative of our Government abroad, who at home and abroad has advocated equality in legislation. So the South controls the mind of the North. Willis lately objected to the appointment of Webb to Austria—but of Webb's participation in mobbing Abolitionists, a few years ago, no mention is made as unfitting him to represent our Government abroad.

Mr. R. referred to the Right of Petition, and to the cases of Hoar and Hubbard, at Charleston and New Orleans. He called attention to these facts, to show that Northern liberty is compromised, if not wholly blasted, by Southern dictation. Mr. Hubbard commenced his account of his mission to New Orleans by saying, "Mr. President, since my *escape* from the South, I will give you an account of my expedition." Had he escaped from horse theft, from burning a house?—from any sort of crime? No—only from a mission to see to the rights of Northern freemen in New Orleans. He referred to the ignominious and ruffianly treatment of Mr. Hoar, at Charleston.

Let us look (continued Mr. R.), at the incongruity of things. Mr. Webster can welcome Hungarian exiles; but has he ever welcomed Frederick Douglass; or hundreds of other fugitives from American Slavery, and offered them a secure home? Never. Mr R. said there was a Hungarian sympathy meeting at Philadelphia a short time since—when on the same evening, a meeting was held in the same city, where were two colored women who had escaped from Slavery, one of whom had her head cut open with a hoe by her master, and another with the brand of her master, and the marks of horrible atrocities. Yet there was not a white man at this meeting!

Mr. R. gave Gen. Cass a tremendous broadside for his recent movement to dissolve the diplomatic relations of our government with that of Austria when he does not even propose to dissolve the relations between South Carolina and Massachusetts—when South Carolina insulted the whole North more than Austria is possibly capable of.

How long is it since any man in Congress dared to say his "soul was his own" on this question? Were they not brow-beaten and insulted? Daniel Webster has expressed free sentiments north of Mason's & Dixon's line; but not south of it. Is he a free man south of Mason's and Dixon's line?

To show up the contemptible spirit of Northern cringing to Southern dictation, Mr. R. read a petition of two or three Irishmen, to be appointed Commissioners of exercise about 200 years ago, which convulsed the house with laughter. He referred to the imprisonment of Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, four years and a half in the penitentiary of Kentucky, for aiding in the escape of slaves, and asked if that could be done, if northern men were manly and free?—He referred to the U. S. squadron, on the coast of Africa, for the suppression of the Slave Trade—while in command is Com. Jones, a man who at home and abroad, is a practical slaveholder, and on the coast of Africa is waited upon by his own slaves!

Mr. R. read the advertisement for the sale of an intelligent and accomplished girl, at Norfolk, whose only crime was an attempt to gain her liberty. Yet we hold meetings to sympathize with Hungarians; when towards these, we are as insensible as the stones in yonder grave-yard.

Rev. Mr. Fairbanks was called for. He should not refer to political questions. He should speak of what he knew, that all might sympathize with those now in bondage for aiding in the escape of slaves. Amasa Walker, a Professor in Obelin, after Mr. F. was arrested, denied in a letter, that he knew him. He deserted him. Mr. F. was arrested without process, and was four years and a half in the Penitentiary. He went on to speak of the narrow escape of Stimpson, of Mass, when he came to visit him. He went on to speak of the selfishness of the South, and the system of braggadocia by which the reputation of men there is magnified.

Mr. F. went on, and gave quite a detailed account of his case—that he did not retract one iota of his principles—and related the embarrassments and cruelties of his imprisonment—and said he must have died but for the timely relief furnished by James Canning Fuller, who was the first to furnish him aid. He exhorted the Convention not to forget those in the South who are in Slavery, and who have not one sixteenth of negro blood in their veins. Tom Clay—son of Henry Clay—has a slave who has no more negro blood in his veins, than Mr. Burleigh (pointing to C. C. Burleigh.) His hair and complexion were both almost precisely the same as those of Mr. B., (what is commonly called sandy.")

Mr. F. concluded with an apeal in favor of petitions to Congress, in favor of abolishing the interstate slave trade.

Mr. Foster felt bound to dissent from a position taken by the last speaker; and that, too, notwithstanding it was so well understood that whatever was said by any man in these Conventions, was for himself alone. There was one sentiment by Mr. Fairbanks, from which he must differ—and so does the society to which he belongs. The idea was this: that it was right to use the necessary means—to aid slaves to escape—to use deception.

Mr. Fairbanrs: The gentleman is mistaken; I took no such ground.

Gerret Smith: The language was, "it would be necessary to suppress a part of the truth"—language which, in such a case, I love to endorse.

Mr. Foster continued: He received the impression differently from the course of the gentleman's argument. He went on to say, that the rule of the society to which he belonged, was that they were at all times to speak all they thought, and to mean what they say. He instanced a member of their society, who was arrested in Delaware; and who answered the Court, that if he did not assist in the escape of the slaves in question, he had assisted in the escape of at least four hundred others. This was his idea of the course to pursue. If you go to the South, go with no concealed purposes—have no concealments or evasions. Do this or stay away.

[Mr. F. continued in a scathing speech for an hour and a half. We have not had a moments time to write it out.]—Rep.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.

The President, before formally calling the Convention to order, introduced to the audience Henry Box Brown, who escaped from Slavery in Richmond, last spring, by being fastened up as Dry Goods in a Box about three feet long—running the risk of his life. Also, James Boxer Smith, another colored young man, who boxed Brown up. They are good and intelligent looking young men.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Canandaigua.

The President read the resolutions under consideration—from the 5th to the close, inclusive; and also the resolution offered by Mr. Pillsbury.

Mr. Thomas said it would be recollected that the portions relating to the Liberty Party, and whether the Constitution is pro-slavery or anti-slavery, were to come up this morning. We have heard the remarks made by gentlemen against the Liberty Party, and against the Constitution of our country; and now we wish to reply.

He would now propose that each side have the same amount of time. If half an hour is taken in an argument, then half an hour in reply, &c.

The President said the idea was not, that any speaker was to be limited to] half an hour, but that each side was entitled to the same amount of time.

Mr. Burleigh wanted to know how it would be if there were difference of views—whether all kinds of shades of opinion would have an equal amount of time?

Mr. Thomas said he did not know in how many ways they were to be attacked; but he did insist that they should have as much time to repel as was occupied in the attack.

Mr. Burleigh said *he* was one side; he might differ from all others; and consequently he should have as much time as all the others.

Gerrit Smith said the question presented itself in the simplest form. Upon one side were those who believed in the Constitutionality of Slavery, and on the other, those who were opposed to it. This was a simple and natural division as to this debate, and one which we could have no difficulty in observing, for the purposes of this discussion.

Mr. Hathaway moved that the resolutions from the 8th to the 11th inclusive, be taken up.

Mr. Foster said Mr. Smith had stated the great question here to-day, to be, whether Slavery is Constitutional or not. His idea was, that the great object of our labors, is to make people believe that they ought not to support a government which they regard as pro-slavery. The Democratic, Whig, Free Soil Parties, all so believe. There are more people out of the Liberty ranks than in it.

Considerable explanation was made by the President, Mr. Burleigh, and others, as to the proper course of the debate.

Mr. Wing said there seemed to be several points which our friends were desirous to discuss—as to the constitution, and our duty under it. He would propose that one be taken up and disposed of, and then the other taken up—not jumble them up together.

The President said that was the idea he had in view in proposing a division of the resolutions.

Mr. Foster said the subjects could be decided, by understanding or consent, without any division of the resolutions.

Mr. Smith insisted on having the resolutions all considered together. That was the agreement, and he insisted upon it. He was here to defend the Liberty Party; and he wanted no division of the question.

The President said he should not stop the speakers at a half an hour—but, on the whole, give each side an equal amount of time. "Agreed," "agreed," from both sides.

A pleasant conversation occurred between the President and Mr. Burleigh as to the rhetoric of some of the gentlemen in reference to the discussion.

The President announced that the resolutions were in order.

Mr. Burleigh opened the discussion. He said it was their duty to do so, as having the affirmative. He would give some of the reasons why he, and those who thought with him, condemn the Constitution, and take their position *outside the government*.

We say the government is wrong. We say that the slave is wrongfully held. We say that the slave has a right to escape; that the master has no right to detain or rebuke him; and that no one else has a right to do that which the master has no right to do.

We believe the Constitution does require that we aid in the reclamation of the fugitive slave, if we acknowledge the rightfulness of the government.

Our friend (Mr. Smith) and others, would say with me, that if the Constitution required this, it would be our duty to trample it under foot.

If we support the Constitution, we must support it as a *whole*—we cannot support a part and reject a part.

If we take the terms of the Constitution, "law," "held to service," and "labor," in the understood and popular sense, we must take the ground that we are by the Constitution bound to give up fugitive slaves. We are to act on what is *believed* by the parties to be law. Parties agree, to what they *believe* they agree to. He illustrated it in this way: A man goes to the city of New York, and goes through the streets, crying "Mud for sale." A man goes up and looks at the contents of the tub, and finds it contains good honey; and the crier agreed to deliver it for so many cents per pound. He delivers the "mud," but cannot profit by the cheat. He gave the man to understand, by right of the honor on the top of the tub, that he meant good honey, when he cried "mud for sale," and he was bound to deliver good honey; for that was the article which his acts and the other man's eyes, led the purchaser to *suppose* he had purchased.

At the time of the Dorr rebellion, the fact that the government of Rhode Island called upon the general government, brought the U. S. forces to their support.

The fact that the South have representatives of slave property, make them legislators for us. I cannot have them legislate for me.

Our doctrine, is, "No union with slaveholders."

Any one who adopts the conclusions we do, in reference to fugitive slaves, insurgent slaves, and in reference to Slavery generally, must adopt our conclusion—"*No union with slaveholders.*"

If you think the Constitution is Anti-Slavery, you have already dissolved with slaveholders. You have no union with them. They know of no such government; and my friends Smith, Thomas, and others, are out of a union with slaveholders, as much as I am.

Gerrit Smith replied. I say, with the celebrated Grecian, "Strike, but hear me." I stand before you, as the representative of the Liberty Party. Do not condemn our party, till you hear. It was condemned last evening prematurely. I can excuse my friend Foster.

Mr. Foster said it was not true that he had trespassed upon the agreement.

[The matter was waived for the present.—Mr. Smith desiring not to be interrupted.]

Mr. Smith: I wish to have it understood, that I give no consent to any interruption. I repeat that the agreement of yesterday was violated last evening, by my friend Mr. Foster, in his reference to the Liberty Party and the Constitution.

The Liberty Party was organized ten years ago, on the principle that A MAN IS A MAN. We went on five or six years, never dreaming of voting for any man who did not agree with us. At length, in an unhappy hour, when our members reached 70,000, many of our men were impatient for more rapid progress, and John P. Hale was nominated for the Presidency—and Goodell, and Birney, and Green, and all, were passed by—and it was easy for them then to slide into the support of Martin Van Buren, or John A. Dix, or any other revilers of the most sacred rights of man. Mr. Foster ridiculed us for the conduct of these men who have abandoned us. Was this just? The time was when truth was never so glorious, as when reduced to one, in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, when his disciples had fled.

What is the objection to the Liberty Party? What is it? It is that that Party votes for civil rulers?—May it not vote for Civil Rulers? No; not under the Constitution. But I hold that we might vote for civil rulers, even if there were no Federal Constitution. The right to vote for Civil Rulers, overrides all human constitutions, and all human arrangements; it is a God-derived right.

I go to the polls with my neighbor, and we elect a good and humane man. He is asked to sign a paper, made sometime ago, denying the existence of a God. He cannot do it; but is he not bound to enter upon his office? We are bound to do all we can to maintain a righteous civil government. Whatever respect we may owe to our dead fathers, we should pay more respect to our living selves, and to the living God.

A man is elected President, who does not believe in the justice of the Constitution, and would not swear to support it; yet we would require that he take his seat, and discharge his duties. I deny the right of former generations to control our action or opinions.

Suppose William Goodell were elected President, and should swear to support the Constitution, and then devote all his energies to the overthrow of Slavery—is he to be called a perjured man, and a pro-slavery man, as he would be called by the *Liberator* and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*? This is the manner of those presses. Until this system is dispensed with, there can be no fraternal union upon one platform—there must be some respect for the integrity of those who differ from us.

A prominent doctrine of the Anti-Slavery Society, is, "No union with Slaveholders." I am opposed to Commercial and Ecclesiastical Union with them. I do not use the products of slave-labor. The persons all about here, know that I am opposed to Ecclesiastical Union. But, we are told we must not have political union. But this is impracticable. It cannot be done. It is an absurdity, and the most extraordinary humbug of the day. As well might a man and wife who did not agree, undertake no longer to be man and wife.

It is objected, that we are to sit in Congress by the side of slaveholders. Suppose you and brother Burleigh and Foster and myself were elected to Congress, and we were to take our seats. Slaveholders are elected and would take their seats by our side. Brother Foster and Burleigh would run. Is that the way? Is that the Bible doctrine? When the sons of God were collected, and "Satan came also," did the sons of God run away? Not at all; it was Satan who went out. Am I to desert my duty, because a rascal comes and takes his seat beside me. Truth should never retreat from error. It is error that comes amongst us, and *it* must walk away, not us.

Another objection to the Liberty Party, is, that they believe the Constitution is Anti-Slavery. Wm. Lloyd Garrison believed so a few years ago. He has undergone a change—for the worse, I think. I believe him honest, and that he answers his conscience: but there is one thing wrong about him; he is intolerant. He says of me—"Gerrit Smith *affects* to believe the Constitution Anti-Slavery." This is all wrong.

I hold that the Constitution is Anti-Slavery. For this reason: In point of fact, no legal instrument can be [illegible] Slavery. Brother Burleigh used to think so, and used to love to hear him talk; but he has changed, but for the worse, as I must believe. I like change, however. I am a man of change. He who is opposed to change, is a conservative, an enemy of progress.

Law is for the protection of rights, not for the destruction of rights. Murder is not so much the destruction of rights as Slavery. Law, is simply the rule or requirement of natural justice To identify law with injustice, is a monstrous absurdity. It is to confound right with wrong—and this accounts for the confused notions of the character and obligations of law. Until men come to regard law only as commanding what is right, and prohibiting only what is wrong, law will never be respected.

These views utterly negate the idea that Slavery can be legalized.

The Constitution cannot be pro-slavery, on account of the restrictions which its framers imposed themselves when framing it. I cannot be dislodged here.

A few men there wished to have many things inserted in favor of Slavery, but found they could not. That convention unanimously—O, listen to me here!—struck out the word "servitude," because it denoted the condition of the *slave*, and substituted "service," which applied to the condition of the *freeman*. They had to hear Madison say, that the Constitution must NOT RECOGNIZE PROPERTY IN MAN. I hold that to get Slavery in that Constitution, was wholly impracticable For the advocates of Slavery to get it under such circumstances, would be to circumvent "Old Nick" himself. You might as well attempt to build a fire in the sea, in the language of Shakspeare:

"To talk of life and amity,
'Twixt snow and fire."

The Constitution is either *for Slavery* or *against Slavery*. If a portion is for Slavery and a portion for Liberty, the legal rule is that the portion for Slavery be thrown out. The rule is that error is to retreat before truth. The Supreme Court of the United States expressly decide, that where rights are overthrown, unless the intention is perfectly clear—expressly in unmistakable terms—those rights are not overthrown. The Slavery character of the Constitution is not so expressed; and cannot be maintained.

Mr. Burleigh answered several personal allusions, and went on to say, that his political line of demarcation was not Mason and Dixon's line, but was defined by those who were the supporters and abettors of Slavery. In reference to the title of Satan, he would say, that Satan got what he went after.

Mr. Smith asks us, what harm to believe the Constitution is Anti-Slavery? It is not for him to ask any man, what harm to support an error, if it be such.

He assumes that that cannot be law which tramples upon right. With that definition, it is plain that the Constitution is not Anti-Slavery; in other words, that it is an illegal Constitution. A law is a contract between parties, and must be maintained according to its terms. Mr. B. went on and examined the origin and nature of law.

Mr. B. referred to the *unanimous* vote in the Convention which framed the Constitution, to substitute "service" for "servitude," as conclusive that the few that were for favoring Slavery were satisfied they secured the *thing* desired by them.

James Madison was referred to. He said the Constitution is better for the slaveholders than the Confederation; for the Constitution allows the slaveholders to chase their runaway slaves to the Free States, which the Confederation did not.

It was blazoned abroad at the time of the formation of the Constitution, that they were to have the right to reclaim fugitive slaves, to put down slave insurrections, and they were to submit to legislation by the representatives of slave property.

Mr. B. took the ground that the preamble of a Constitution, qualifies and explains the intent or understanding of its specific provisions, but does not control them. If the Preamble of our Constitution says it is ordained to establish "justice," it shows that in the opinion of the framers of the Constitution it was a matter of "justice" to reclaim fugitive slaves.

Mr. B. went on to argue the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, from the provisions in reference to representation. He insisted, that the language of the Constitution in some instances applies to slaves, and could apply to no other parties.

Mr. B. protested that he had always made a distinction between the legal character of the Constitution, and the intent of its framers, at the time he held the views referred to by Mr. Smith.

Mr. Foster would like to correct the statement of Mr. Smith. He did not ordinarily notice accusations against himself; but Mr Smith was a gentleman who had earned a character for justice and humanity, which made him regret any such statement from him. The charge was, that in ridiculing the Liberty Party last evening, he had violated the agreement of yesterday. He did not so understand the matter; he did not believe he had violated any agreement. He had ridiculed the Liberty Party—for the reason that they occupied a ridiculous position.

The President said the understanding was, that the subject of the Constitution and that of the Parties, should come up this morning.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Foster, Mr. Remond, the President, and others explained: when Mr. Smith said Mr. Foster was a correct man, of good memory; and and when he says he did not discuss the constitutional question—that is sufficient for me, and I am sorry I misapprehend him, and that I made the charge, which I most cheerfully retract.

Mr. Foster expressed his gratification, as he intended to violate no understanding, and above all did not like to have the matter so regarded by one whom he so highly esteemed as his friend Mr. Smith.—The conclusion of the explanation was received with the highest gratification and demonstrations of good feeling by the audience.

After several passages of playfulness and wit between Foster, Smith and Burleigh, the Convention adjourned.

SECOND DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

Two o'clock, P. M.

President called to order, and announced the pending business.

He also read a letter from Mr. Garrison, just received, in which he stated that indisposition was the reason of his absence from the Convention.

Gerrit Smith moved this deeply interesting and solemn letter of our noble pioneer, be published with the proceedings of this Convention. Carried.

[Hall crowded to overflowing.]

Mr. S. S. Foster hoped they would hasten over this question. It was not important, compared with others. He was willing to concede their views, as to the Constitutional question. Giddings said of us, "You generate the steam, which moves the car in which we ride." He said he did not fully agree with us; we were too radical. Why cannot the Liberty Party join with us, as Giddings does? Why not join with us, on the free discussion platform. We think we ought not to hold fellowship with the pro-slavery churches. Slavery can be extirpated only by changing public sentiment; and that can be done only by dissolving pro-slavery church and political connections. Of all men, the disunionists, if their doctrines were false, are in the best position to reach the public sentiment; experience has proved this. Either our system is the best, and thorefore true, or a false one, and works the best. Mr. F. went on to say, that none could get the ear of the people so well as the Old Organizationists. I have not heard of a Liberty Party Lecture,' in a twelvemonth. I don't think there are 7,000 people in this country who have not bowed the knee to this political Baal (the slave power.)

The best agents are women; they can't be Ministers or hold office. Next, the non-resistants: men who are opposed to holding office, under our government. Next the politicians; they are the last. No one suspects my friend Gerrit Smith; no sane man would think he could climb into office with his nineteen impracticable principles. Giddings and Colonel Wilson begged of him (Mr. F.) that he would not be converted to "free soil;" they want us to go on and renovate public sentiment and the hearts of men. We are not seeking office. I hope we shall pass over these resolutions, and then examine the Platform of the Anti-Slavery Party, and see if all who love liberty can stand upon it.

I used to be in the habit of going into churches, and when the time came to preach, I used to preach the discourse. If men say they will not hear, they must hear.

The efficacy of this has been seen.

Mr. F. closed by saying that he hoped too much time would not be taken up in discussing the Constitutional question.

Mr. Smith resumed his argument. One word before he resumed. Mr. Foster asked us why the Liberty Party men did not do, as Giddings and Borden did, co-operate with the Anti-Slavery Society? I will tell him. Suppose a new-fangled temperance society was to spring up, in which were wine, cider and rum-drinkers, and asked me to join? Could I do so? No: I know of no such toleration. I am free to say—I rejoice to say before God—that I have no such toleration as to associate as an Anti-Slavery man with those who tolerate the accursed institution or who profit by its abominations. They are not of me, and I am not of them.

Mr. Foster insisted that the reasons Mr. Smith had given, were conclusive to prove that he ought not to have any political union with slaveholders.

Mr. Smith: I resume the argument. I remarked that I have kept outside the Constitution. I must keep outside a little longer.

I do not admit, that prior to the Constitution, there was any legal or constitutional Slavery in this country. The colonial charters did not legalize Slavery—they could not be hostile to the fundamental law of England. I take up the Declaration of Independence, which was at one time the Constitution of this country—which took the ground that all men have the right to elect rulers for themselves.

After that Declaration, could a man have been tried here for treason against England? No; that law forbids it. If a man could not be convicted after the 4th of July, 1776, of treason to Great Britain, then on the 4th of July, 1776, there *was no Slavery in these States*; for if the chains fell for one hour, that was perfectly fatal; for all law and principle tell us that chains cannot be restored.

I now come to the Constitution. I take the preamble. It says, "We, the people," &c. It does not say white people, black people, or red people.

The President asked if it did not mean the people represented.

Mr. Smith: Who were represented?

Mr. Foster: Those who sent delegates there.

Mr. Smith: And this excludes all the women and children? (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. S referred to the argument of Mr. Burleigh, that it was a contract between parties. Well, if it is not to be supposed that one of the parties *could possibly* have agreed to it, it is to be regarded as void—(So the Reporter understood him.)

I find the Preamble and the Constitution alike. Brother Burleigh makes rather light of a preamble. A preamble is important in expressing the meaning of the provisions of a law. For instance, brother Burleigh and myself agree to go to California in partnership, to dig gold, and return with $500 000, and I claim the whole of it. He brings me before a court, and exhibits the article of partnership—our constitutional compact. The preamble goes on to say that, "Whereas C. C. Burleigh and Gerrit Smith incited by the love of gold, for the mutual profit of said Burleigh and Smith, agree," &c., &c. In the contract, it is stated that each shall have half, and it is also stated that I (Smith) shall have the whole. Will not the Confederation did not. preamble decide the construction to be given to the instrument?

Judge Story and others lay great stress upon the preamble; and Mr. S. read from some legal authorities, going to show that great attention should be paid to the language of a preamble, as a key to the interpretation of the constitution.

Mr. S. then reviewed the clause regulating the basis of direct taxation. He held that this clause—admitting that it refers to Slavery—was one of the Anti-Slavery features of the constitution. If the constitution said that those who cannot read and write, should count only three-fifths, would that be a bounty on illiterateness? He thought not. It wrongs the slave by counting him as less than a man—if we admit he is meant.

I might with perfect safety admit that this provision recognizes Slavery; for its bare recognition imposes no obligation on the general government to uphold it, or not to overthrow it.

Sir, I have done with unnecessary concessions to the slave power. For fifteen years, I have contended that the constitution was an Anti-Slavery instrument. I still had about me the lingering idea that there was an understanding that Slavery was to be protected in the old thirteen States. I have made loosely many admissions, for the reasons that I felt I had enough left in the constitution for my purposes. The Shylock of Slavery, shall now have only what is "nominated in the bond." The Shylock of Slavery, if it be in the bond, may have the "pound of flesh," but not a drop of blood.

But if there are Slavery provisions in that instrument, they are and must be overthrown by provisions of liberty with which they come in conflict.—Injustice must retreat before justice; falsehood before truth. Mr. S. paid a high eulogy on Spooner's Constitutional argument; regarding it as worthy the fame of any man, living or dead.

I care nothing, said Mr. S., for the "intentions" of the framers of the Constitution. They were the mere scriveners of the people. If two of us were to make a bargain about land, would we be bound by the "intentions" of the scriveners who should write the deed? No! only by our own acts, and that to which we subscribed our names.

Mr. S. went on to comment on the uses of the word "free" in the Constitution. It was a word extensively in use then in this country, and England then and now, and was not used as the correlative of "slave." It was not true then, and is not now, that the word "free" is used to show they are not slaves. Would you say "free" John C. Calhoun, "free" Thomas H. Benton? They would give you to understand themselves insulted.

The word "slave" is not in the Constitution.—Those who oppose me, must hold that there were secret occult intentions on the face of the instrument. There is no such expression in it as "free white" persons. We have "free" persons referred to, and we have "aliens," who were the correlative of the term "free."

Mr. S. passed on to the right of immigration. For the sake of the argument, he would admit that this provision referred to Slavery. And what did the friends of Slavery do? That if its opponents would let them import slaves 19 years, they might compel the abandonment of the trade, after that period.

But in reality, there is no reference to Slavery in this passage of the Constitution. But for this provision, the general government might have been prevented from admitting immigration.

If this had been a reference to slaves, what would have been the meaning of the instrument? It would be, that the people of this country could go to France, Germany, or elsewhere, and capture who they could, and make slaves of them.

The next clause, was that which refers to guarantying a republican form of government—and also in reference to insurrections or domestic violence.

What is domestic violence? It is unlawful violence. Slavery is a private violence. It is not a state institution. It is true, that some States, comes to the rescue. Who commits the violence? A burglar breaks into your house, and you give him a warm reception, and he goes off and complains of your "violence?" The truth is, it is the slaveholder who commits violence.

Last, the provision in reference to the reclamation of fugitives. *Cannot this provision be made to have an innocent meaning?* To refer to apprentices, and to minors? Then why undertake to give it a meaning, the result of which outrages truth, justice? Is anything "due" from a slave to his master?—any more than from a horse? The Courts of the United States have decided that man cannot have property in man. The slaveholder says the man is his property. He is not property—he cannot be property. If the slave is a person, it is a sufficient answer, that it "takes two to make a bargain." If a man catches a mouse, the mouse belongs to the man without the mouse's consent. But between two persons, no contract is good without the consent of both.

There never was such a delusion, (said Mr. S.) as upon this subject. It was supposed that the question of fugitive slaves was the great compromise of the Convention, and occupied great attention; and that the people were greatly interested in the matter. So far from that, the Convention sat with closed doors; and we now know, by the "Madison papers," vastly more of the doings of that day. Mr. S. read from the Madison papers, showing that the Convention voted down a proposition providing for the reclamation of slaves, and unanimously—including James Wilson and Benjamin Franklin—voted for the clause for reclaiming persons from whom service was "due."

Mr. S. said he would now sit down; and would conclude hereafter.

Mr. Burleigh replied, and had not concluded at half past four.

Mr. C. C. Burleigh rejoined. He paid a high compliment to the power with which Mr. Smith had thus far sustained the argument, and proceeded: If this was an Anti-Slavery instrument, it was most extraordinary that the abettors of Slavery should have adopted it. If men made an Anti-Slavery Constitution, they would of course carry out in the laws enacted, the same Anti-Slavery policy. Yet the administration has not even approximated to such a policy: it has even broken through the barriers of [illegible]

Mr. B. commented upon the extraordinary universality of the "delusion," that the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument—if delusion it is.

The constitutional debates were not published for 50 years—yet his was a universal opinion, in the debates. It was the universal understanding of the times.

Our friend began by saying there can be no legal or constitutional Slavery. Admit that nothing which is not moral can be legal, and he is correct; yet I insist that an agreement was made, whether legal or illegal. My friend shows that the Courts recognize *legality* as contradistinguished from *right*. It is said, that the terms of an act contrary to right, must be "irresistibly clear," or it will be considered as void. This furnishes a refutation of one of the strong positions of his argument. No matter how "clear" it is, if wrong can be recognized as law.

As to the declaration of Independence annihilating Slavery. If those who signed that—your Washingtons, your Jeffersons—held slaves to the day of their death, are we to regard the Declaration as applying to slaves?

Mr. B. insisted that it ceased to be of force, when the people "consented" to a new Constitution, in some of its provisions contrary in their character to the "equality" positions of the Declaration.

As to "high treason," George Washington could undoubtedly, and would, have been convicted on the 5th of July, 1776, if he had been before the Court of King's bench of London.

The "delusion" of the people, is the evidence of the standing together of the minds of the people, which is the highest evidence of the character of the Constitution.

If the colored man is not a party to the Constitution, he is not bound by it; if a party, then he is bound. The makers of the Constitution spoke only for those who sent them—it excluded slaves and women—and the more shame for supporting such a Constitution; a Constitution which deprives every woman in the land of her political rights.

But he says, we must so construe it, if possible, as to have it reasonable that the parties should have that the women should have consented to the derogation of their rights; yet they are wholly disregarded.

It is not a difficult thing to get great and patriotic words in a preamble—they are cheap enough.

As to the "three-fifths" provision, all the power this gives, is given to slaveholders. If the slaves were numbered as whole men, it would only give the slaveholders more power; and certainly the slaves would not thank you for it.

If slaves were not referred to, why, in the first appointment, were three-fifths of the slaves counted? Because that was what all understood they were agreeing to.

But the "intention of the people." What I have been bringing forward is a practical comment upon the "understanding" of the people. If, in the California contract, I gave up the gold, without a struggle, it would be regarded as conclusive as to my understanding of the contract.

But, he says, there is not the word "slave" in the Constitution. As though the people of this country could not understand a circumlocution! Mr. B. commented on the universality of the recognition of the pro-slavery character of the Constitution from the beginning till now.

As to the word "free." All the facts of history show that it was used in the sense of "free" and 'slave."

As to the slave trade. Would Mr. Smith consent to be a member of a temperance society with men who drank rum? Yet he is willing to belong to a great political society with those who traffic in human flesh. He insisted that the object of twenty years delay, was to secure strength to the cause of Slavery. New England argued against the abolition of the slave trade, as it would destroy the market for New England rum, and fish, which could be paid in exchange for them—while Virginia went for the abolition of the trade as a tariff and protection to her own stock of slaves on hand.

As to "domestic violence." It is irresistibly clear, that it was not meant that the slave was to be protected against the violence of the master. This aid was to be called by the Legislature if in session, if not, by the Governor. This shows it could not be the slaves were meant. He referred to Nat Turner's rebellion, and the preparation of the Pennsylvania militia to march against it. Adj.

SECOND DAY—EVENING SESSION.

[Before the hour of assembling, the house was crowded almost to suffocation. It is rarely, indeed, we have seen so much interest in such a Convention.]

Mr. Hathaway moved that the question be taken on the resolutions, this evening.

Mr. Douglass said that he thought it unwise to tie the hands of the Convention. They may wish to hear more, when this evening is brought to a close.

Mr. Hathaway withdrew the motion.

Mr. Remond renewed the motion.

Mr. Burleigh resumed. He would read some testimony on some points he had gone over, before he proceeded with his last point. He quoted James Wilson and several others.

I now come to the clause which we generally suppose to refer to fugitive slaves. As they are property nothing can be "due" from them, it is said. No matter if the language of the constitution is in-

accurate, we know that slaves were meant. It is found in the decisions of the Courts, and of all the legislatures of the country, and the acquiescence of the people of the country. Mr. B. read from an opinion by Justice Story, when in the Supreme Court. He claimed that this opinion ran across the statement of his friend, that the Supreme Court, did not recognize the property of man in man. He considered what he read as determining the opinion of Justice Story, that this provision was intended to enable the slaveholder to reclaim his fugitive slaves.

Mr. B. also referred to the "Wilmot" Proviso in the Ordinance of 1787—to the proviso that the ordinance should *not* prevent the reclamation of slaves.

This proviso to the Proviso would not have been necessary, if this provision of the Constitution had *not* related to this question.

Mr. B. remarked upon the fact that the Convention struck out the word 'justly" held to "service"—as indicating that the "service" must have referred to a legal servitude, though not "due" in the eye of justice.

Taking language as those who used it understood it, all these clauses must have referred to slaves.

Cotemporary practice is a rule of interpretation of Constitutions; and their concurrent action is one of the strongest proofs of the correctness of the interpretation

It is a rule that the obvious meaning of language, is to be the legal rule of expounding. In its plain, obvious, common sense meaning. Constitutions are not designed for metaphysical subtleties. The people make and adopt them by the aid of common sense.

Mr. Smith says Slavery, even under the laws of the Southern States, is *not a legal institution*—Statutes in Virginia regard a certain class of persons as slaves—to be held as chattels, &c, &c, in that and other States. Will any man stand up before a Court, and say they have been enacting statutes in reference to that which does not exist? If there is *one* slave in all the South, made so by their laws and in conformity to their constitutions, then there are slaves held *legally*—or, according to *their* laws. Mr. B. instanced the statutes requiring that freemen be sold into Slavery, to pay jail fees, if they cannot prove they are free. By promising to support the Constitution, we promise to keep *them* in Slavery. And they are made slaves by "due process" of *their* law.

Mr. Smith replied in a speech of about 50 minutes, nearly all of which was devoted to an exposition of the Anti-Slavery features of the Constitution.

Mr. Burleigh referred to the change which had come over the country—to the fact that the framers of the Declaration of Independence were many of them slaveholders to the day of their death—that Slavery had a legal existence at the time of the Declaration of Independence—that the "fugitive" provision of the Constitution evidently referred to "laws" of the States then existing—insisted that the universality of the pro-slavery construction is sufficient evidence of its correctness—claimed Luther Martin, Rufus King, and James Wilson, in favor of this construction—that in reference to the power of "arming" the slaves, his friend would find the Judges, the legislatures, and the mass of the people against him—insisted that Mr. Smith had begged the question wholly, in assuming that the slave population is referred to as a part of "we the people," and therefore that they do not come in for the rights and privileges conferred—took the ground that if slaves were regarded as a part of the people, by those who made the Constitution or those [illegible] this question would have been tested in the Courts, and the slaves released—that if he could show that *one* slave was ever made such by "due process of law" the case was made out against Mr. Smith's argument, that they were deprived of their property and rights, without that process—as to "unreasonable searches" the slaves were not regarded as a part of the people, to whom the franchises or guaranties of the Constitution were to apply—as to Republican forms of Government, that of New York is not Republican, as the women cannot vote—the framers of the Constitution regarded the Slave Governments of the States as Republican, and their understanding was the law of the case.

Mr. Smith asked Mr. Burleigh if he did not wish to occupy a few minutes longer, as he could occupy but fifteen of twenty minutes.

Mr. Burleigh said he could not think of anything more that he wished to say in reply to Mr. Smith.

Mr. Foster said he would repeat, that what was wanted was an examination of the Liberty Party and of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The American Society, was the only genuine instrumentality for the cause. If we are wrong, tell us why? What have we done? What crime have we committed? Those who have heaped contumely upon us, are now with us; why not act with us as one man? Tell us why you do not stand with us? Support our papers?—support our agents? When I say "us," I mean the Anti-Slavery Society. You are bound to show wherein we are wrong, if we are wrong. The object is one and we ought to be one? Our friend Mr. Smith says he cannot associate with us. Why? Because our sentiments are wrong? No. Because we admit whigs and democrats—when we compel them to help us condemn the pro-slavery action of the country. It is objected that we allow men in our Society who do not act up to our principles. Our friend Mr. Smith, says it is contrary to scripture to come out from the vile and unclean: yet he cannot co-operate with us because we admit Whigs and Democrats. Yet at the same time he cannot consent to sit in Congress with Whigs and Democrats, who are the tools to the regulars, and swear to support a Constitution which he himself pronounces "infamous." Yet, he cannot come among us, because Whigs and Democrats are there! With us, no one is bound by the majority. In the State Government, with the Whigs and Democrats is he left free to act as he pleases against the majority? They can co-operate with Whigs and Democrats in Congress, in State Legislatures, in Churches, anywhere in the world, except with our Society. The Whigs, Democrats, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, all are bound to be in this Society, unless you can show some good reason why they should not. The blood of the slave will be found in your skirts, if you do not do your whole duty. I demand that you give your reasons for not being with us. Prove we are wrong, or go with us. That's my position.

Mr. Smith continued the argument by bringing forward further Anti-Slavery provisions of the Constitution. He closed in the following language:

Alas, alas, my colored brethren, was there ever so wronged and unfortunate a people as yourselves? In the case of other persons it is held, that nothing short of a positive, definite, clear, certain law will suffice to fasten upon its victims the chains of Slavery. But, in your case, it is held, that the lowest inferences and vaguest implications are sufficient to secure this horrid result. No respectable lawyer would say, that, by the force of such inferences and implications, a man should be deprived of his horse, or even of his dog. Nevertheless Wendell Phillips and other distinguished Abolitionists maintain that, by the force of such inferences and implications, men may be deprived of their life—nay of more than their life—of liberty—for liberty is more precious than life. The grave of liberty is more to be dreaded than the grave of the body. The fact, my colored brethren, that some of your earliest and most enlightened and most self-denying friends do in effect, array themselves against you at a very vital point, is among the greatest of your calamities.

How would Daniel Webster, or any other respectable lawyer receive the proposition that the men of the proud Anglo-Saxon race in this country, can by the force of such inferences and implications, as we have spoken of—can, by the force of a Constitution, which, to say the least, makes no express allusion to Slavery—be held in Slavery? They would scout it, with the utmost contempt. Why then, do they hold, that these are sufficient to hold in Slavery the three millions of our enslaved colored brethren? Ah, it is because that these three millions are weak and powerless; and may, therefore, be contemned and outraged with impunity.

Now, the little Liberty party insists, that the Constitution does not allow our three millions of colored brethren to be held in Slavery; and it insists on this, because it insists, that the law to hold Africans in Slavery, shall be as positive and definite and stringent, as the law to hold Anglo-Saxons in Slavery.

How long, oh, how long, shall the North, and even the Abolitionists of the North, continue to sustain the claim of the South to the constitutionality of Slavery. Just so long as they do, the slaveholder will be strong, and his victims will be powerless in his grasp. But, strip him of the power and influence, which he derives from the bald lie, that the Constitution is pro-slavery—and the prestige and the charm are gone—and he has become as weak as other men—and the public sentiment, which had hitherto braced him up now falls away from him—and now, he is derided for his impotence—and now, he is hated with impunity—and now, his slaves rise up around him, and successfully assert their claim to freedom.

Oh, what a sad mistake do the friends of the slave fall into, in putting the might of the Constitution into the hands of the slaveholder, instead of using that might to tie up his hands and punish him, and enable his oppressed ones to go free!

Mr. Douglass continued the debate, in a speech of great force, eloquence and wit, in behalf of the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Remond followed in a stirring appeal upon the utter derogation of his rights by the American Constitution. His grandfather bared his breast to our country's foes at Lexington. He was, himself, born within sight of Bunker Hill, and almost within view of the field of Lexington; yet, were he to visit the city of Washington, the Capitol of this Republic, he would be liable to be arrested and sold into bondage, unless he could *prove* his Freedom, through a wall two feet thick! Could he support such a Constitution? Never!

Mr. Ward took the other view. He had no palliation to offer—nothing but denunciation, deep and damning to offer—for the practical construction which has been put upon the Constitution. But the Constitution itself, he regarded as an Anti-Slavery instrument. Mr. W. spoke for nearly an hour, holding the crowded house in breathless attention, or anon convulsing it with merriment.

[These three addresses, by Douglass, Remond and Ward—three colored men—it is safe to say, afforded as fine an intellectual repast as any of our readers have listened to for many a year. An intelligent lawyer told us, that it was a long time since he had stood upon his feet for over four hours to listen to speeches of any men; and ladies stood up for hours together. No *Report* could give our readers an idea of the occasion; for they are all orators.—Rep]

The question on the resolutions was called for. The yeas and nays were then demanded.

Finally, on motion, the Rules were suspended, so that a vote by the audience could be taken.

The President put the question on Mr. Smith's substitute, as follows:—

"1. Resolved. That the Federal Constitution should, like other laws, be subjected to legal rules of interpretation; and that when thus subjected, it is seen not to be for Slavery, but *against* Slavery—not of powers adequate to uphold any part of American Slavery, but of powers adequate to overthrow every part of American Slavery."

"2. That the man who votes for no slaveholder, and for no one who does; and for no one who does not regard the powers of the Federal Constitution as ample for the overthrow of Slavery; is, *provided always*, that he acknowledges no pro-slavery Church to be a Church of Christ, and no pro-slavery minister to be a minister of Christ, worthy of the name, and the honor of an Abolitionist."

The substitute was carried by a vote of four or five to one.

Whereupon, the Convention adjourned.

THIRD DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The President called to order.

Henry Box Brown sang a song which has been written for him, (describing his escape in a box,) to the tune of "Old Ned." (Brown was in March last at Richmond put in a box 3 feet long, 2 feet 9 inches wide, by a free colored young man, James Smith, and was sent by Express, as merchandize, to Philadelphia. He was in the box 27 hours. The affair cost Smith $900.)

[The Reporter will state, that in giving the remarks of Mr. Foster in reference to Messrs. Giddings and Wilson, Mr. F. applied their remarks to all the out-and-out Anti-Slavery Organizations, and not by any means to himself, any further than that he was a member of one of those organizations. Giddings and Wilson said those Organizations generated the steam which moved the Anti-Slavery car."]—Rep.

Prayer by Rev. S. R, Ward.

The President said not less than $100 should be raised to defray expenses.

Mr. Jackson proposed that half an hour be devoted to the subject, and close it up in a business manner. It was done.

The President said, that at the commencement of the Anti-Slavery movement, it was quite common to take hundreds of dollars, at a meeting numbering only a few. He had taken a $100 bill in a fair, in making a collection for the Anti-Slavery cause.—This is the spirit which succeeds. The Convention had been an admirable one in all respects, and expenses will be necessarily incurred, as every one well knows.

Mr. Jackson, on request, made remarks, urging a liberal contribution.

The Convention, on suggestion, by a vote, expressed a desire to meet this evening in the First Presbyterian Church. The Hon. Israel Huntington said he would ascertain from the Trustees, whether the Convention could meet there.

The President stated the popular vote of last night, and read all the Resolutions before the Convention.

Mr. Fairbanks did not believe the Constitution was a pro-slavery instrument; and he hoped all would unite without reference to their views on the Constitutional question.

Mr. Douglass referred to the adoption of Mr. Smith's substitute, last evening, by a large majority, by a popular vote. He would not impugn that vote. It is now to be settled by that Convention, [illegible] THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS, so far as the Anti-Slavery cause was concerned. It is the only barrier between the different Radical Anti-Slavery Organizations of the country.

I need not say after what passed last evening, that I am opposed to the substitute. It takes a disunion ground, in anything but an honest way. No disrespect intended; its supporters are sincere. Their position was radical for disunion, as the position of Garrison. Under the sham of upholding the provisions of the Constitution, they are waging a war against the Constitution. We want downright honesty, in dealing even with slaveholders.

We want to say to the slaveholders, we admit your views of the Constitution, but we war on that and on you. Mr. Smith's substitute is disunion, under another guise, and seeks it in a dishonest way. It will bring about disunion in a covert way, without declaring that to be the object.

Does Mr. Smith suppose any Union in 1789 would have been secured, on his construction of the Constitution? That they could not reclaim their fugitives, and that slave insurrections could not be put down by the force of the country? What was, has been, and is, the Union? Is the Union the same now as then? The pretension of the Liberty Party to uphold the Union, is to pretend to uphold that which does not exist. The slaveholders know of no such Union as that which Mr. Smith and the Liberty Party support.

I hold that to swear to support a constitution which requires us to put down slave insurrections, and send back fugitive slaves, is a sin. It is a sin to swear to support that which is sin—which can require us to sin.

Mr. Ward asks us, who will alter the laws, if you can elect no one? I refer him to the admission of Daniel O'Connell to the British Parliament. He was a Catholic, and was required to abjure the Pope. He would not do it, and the Parliament was compelled by public sentiment to admit him. Mr. D. referred to the law of this State allowing a man to whip his wife with a switch as large as his thumb. Is it of any consequence? No. The moral sentiment of the people will regulate that. There are 5,000 free colored persons in Maryland. How came they to be free? Was it the laws? No. Public sentiment compelled or constrained their masters to free them. I would rather loose my right arm, than to put a vote in an American ballot box, to have another do that which I would not do myself.

Brother Ward believes that the Supreme Court has the power to decide the laws, and that he is bound by its decision. This brings us to the point. It's all very well to talk of what is *to be done by posterity*. What is now to be done? Are we to have no government, until the constitution is what it ought to be? Are we to sin all the intermediate time?

A Voice—Resist it.

Mr. Douglass: That is revolution—insurrection—no government. They must come on to our ground, while we are revolutionizing the government. If they will show me how I can get along in the meantime without sin, I may come over to them. Here is a great gulf, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith: Very easily bridged. (General laughter.)

Mr. Douglass: I wish I could see it, if it is so; because I would like to be there. I believe the slaves would be more than a match for the enslavers, if left to themselves. LET THE UNION THEN BE DISSOLVED. I wish to see it dissolved at once. It is the union of the white people of this country, who can be summoned in their whole military power to crush the slave, that perpetuates Slavery. Dissolve the Union, and they will raise aloft their unfettered arms, and demand freedom, and, if resisted, would hew their way to Liberty, despite the pale and puny opposition of their oppressors. In view of the opposition of this union, I welcome the bolt, whether from the North or the South, from Heaven or from Hell, which shall shiver this Union in pieces. Did our Fathers think of holding on to the union with the British? Did they look for theories or precedents to ascertain what were their rights? No! they laid down the doctrines of equality, consent, and that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. But after they had achieved independence, they attempted to unite Liberty in holy wedlock with the dead body of Slavery, and the whole was tainted. Let this unholy, unrighteous union be dissolved.

We are told of the wisdom and goodness of our ancestors. *I* know they were slaveholders. This *one fact* is enough for me. Slaveholder! What is a slaveholder? I wish I could portray him. He would not be a man, driven by poverty, distress, or passion, to rob and murder his victim. But he would be a cold hard, obdurate man, who had read his Bible and prayed, and then reached his long, bony fingers into the cradle, and take an object newly stamped with the image of its God, and sell it as a chattel! And he could then take the mother of that blessed little being,—fit to have her name written on the Lamb's Book of Life—and inflict upon her the severest cruelties. Talk to me of the love of liberty of your Washingtons, Jeffersons, Henrys. They were strangers to any just idea of Liberty! He who does not love Justice and Liberty for all, does not love Liberty and justice. They wrote of Liberty in the Declaration of Independence, with one hand, and with the other clutched their brother by the throat! These are the men who formed the union! I cannot entertain to it. Give me NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS! I wish to dissolve the union of these States, and to do it in a direct way.

Mr Remond could not see the propriety of discussing the Resolutions after the vote. And said he should move to lay the resolutions on the table and move a substitute for the whole.

Mr. Douglass said the vote last evening, was an *overwhelming* reason why he should speak again. It is no matter, if all the world is against me, and I am right. If I am right, then I am all right. If all the world is against me, and I am right, if I do not agree with the present state, I shall agree with the future state: for in the future, all will be right.

Mr. Pillsbury took some exceptions to the manner of things yesterday. He went on to speak of the call of this meeting, and his objections to the call. And also of the freedom of the Conventions of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for all to speak; and of the uniform rule, that a speaker could be interrupted, and an explanation made, while the idea was fresh before all.

We were promised, (continued Mr. P.) that at the close of the discussion, there should be a full, fair, open debate by the audience at large. Instead thereof, two or three speakers were called upon by acclamation, and the "question" called for in a clamorous manner, notwithstanding the yeas and nays had been demanded.

The President explained that the roll was not sufficiently perfect to take the yeas and nays. And that it was agreed that the popular vote should be taken, and the decision by the Society afterwards. He did not think any error was contemplated.

Mr. Pillsbury did not impugn the motives of any one. He went on to speak of the moral influence of politics. I would not trust the liberty of the slave, in the hands of Gerrit Smith, as President of the United States. I would trust myself under the roof of Gerrit Smith, as his private guest at Peterboro. Politics destroyed men.

Mr. Smith: What does my brother think of Bible politics? I do not confound the Devil with God, nor American politics with Heaven.

Mr. Pillsbury: We have heard about free soil. There was not enough free soil in the country to build the Bunker Hill Monument upon. The cap stone was as pro slavery as the "corner stone." The very shaft was a conductor of pro-slavery electricity towards heaven; and would, if possible, ascend to a fixed Star, and make it a hunting ground for fugitive slaves.

Mr. Pillsbury went on in a course of remark, in reference to Gerrit Smith and the Liberty Party, which we do not report.

He said the principles of the American Society were all open, and that their motto is—"No Concealment, No Compromise"—and the American Society shall be reduced to one, before I abandon it. We are branded all over the country as "No Government" men. We are not no government men. I am not a no-government man, even in the Liberty Party sense of the word. I do not believe a government is of more divine appointment, than an insurance or a banking company. Men have entered into insurance against fire, death, &c.; and if I am to judge a tree by its fruits, I can find a hundred human arrangements far more divine than the bloody and cruel systems in this country called human governments.

The charge against the American Anti-Slavery Society, that it is a no-government society, is not true. My motto is, No Union with Slaveholders. When the Constitution is what the Liberty Party expounders think it, I can support it; but not as it is now. And it can never be changed by the Liberty Party at the rate it is now going on. And what shall we do in the meantime? I see no refuge but in the doctrine—"No Union with Slaveholders."

Mr. P. went on at length to review the proposition of Cass, Foote, and Webster, to dissolve the "Union" with Austria. The proposition was born in high and honorable places. He drew a vivid picture of the welcome which these men would give to Kossuth; asking him to swear that if, among the sable Hungarians of this land, they should raise some Kossuth to avenge the wrongs of his fellow-slave, the sword of Kossuth should be drawn to drink his blood and annihilate him. This the brave Kossuth must swear to, before he can enter our political church:—eternal hatred to Liberty, eternal fealty to tyrants! This is our Constitution as now expounded and administered.

What matters it that a handful of men take another view, when the Courts, the government, and the people, say ours is the correct view of the Constitution! What do Politicians know about "Bible Politics," if any such thing there be. Politicians meet what you say, as coming from politicians like themselves. What this nation needs is honest men, those who will surrender the right of suffrage, to promote the cause of truth. Our nation do not know what to do with an honest man. A rich man they respect; a poor man despise; a learned man revere; a criminal hang; but they have no where to put an honest man. [Roars of laughter.] Can one Whig chase a thousand Democrats? Can two Democrats put ten thousand Whigs to flight? Can the Liberty Party chase the Democratic Party from its strongholds?

S. R. Ward: Yes! They have done it!

Mr. Pillsbury went on to insist, that by political action, the Liberty Party was subject to be pierced through and through, by other political parties; and thought that, although the Liberty Party was now visible to the naked eye, by another Presidential election, it could not be discerned by one of Herschel's telescopes. Let DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION, be inscribed on every Northern banner, and the hour of redemption to the slave will be soon at hand.

Mr. Ward obtained the floor, and denied that the Liberty Party, were covertly seeking a dissolution of the Union; or, that such was the natural or inevitable tendency of the course of the Liberty Party. If there had been nothing said about "covertly" and "dishonesty," he would not have a word to say on this point in reply to his friend Douglass.

Mr. Douglass; It is the *proposition* I denounced as dishonest, not those who advocate it. I maintain that the positions of the Liberty Party carried out, must result in disunion; while a support of the Union and the Constitution, is professed.

Mr. Ward: Then the matter is one merely of opinion between brother Douglass and ourselves—and there I leave it.

[Mr. Ward continued: but as it was after the hour fixed by the rules for adjournment, and after necessity requiring the presence of the Reporter at the office, no sketch of his reply is given.] Adjourned.

THIRD DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

Two o'clock, P. M.

The President called to order.

Song, by Henry Box Brown.

On motion, Resolved, That this Convention continue in session to morrow, (Friday.)

Mr. Ward resumed: He insisted that the friends of the Catholic Reform Bill, in England pursued mainly the same course as the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Liberty Party.

Mr. Douglass calls us both Radical. What should the two "wings" do? Promulge your Principles; and act consistently with those principles. Move on as the two wings of the Anti-Slavery Clause, and give the slaveholders "Jessie"! Or as the two wings of an eagle.

My friend states that freedom had been secured to slaves in Maryland, without law. How can these men enjoy nominal liberty there? Because there is a law *authorizing* the liberation of slaves. Toleration of negroes at the South, is owing to law. All we want, is, that every State in the union shall be in harmony with the Federal Constitution.

My view is, that the Constitution does not require the Federal Government to do ought for Slavery. There has been more legislation for Slavery than for all other interests; agriculture, education—everything else.

If the Constitution did not make every man's house his "castle"—I would say, make a bonfire of the Constitution. I deny that such is not the case. The substitute tells you the Constitution ought to be submitted to legal rules of interpretation, and when so subjected is found to be *against* Slavery.

We take the Constitution in its plain, common sense, obvious meaning. Now, almost the words of the Declaration, are enacted in the Constitution—to be found in the fifth amendment. Truth in the Declaration, and Good in the Constitution, are one.

As to the law of 1793. The very terms of the Constitution, are hostile to the idea of Slavery. No "service or labor" can be "*due*" from a slave. The *plain* language of the Constitution is against Slavery. Wheaton 3, page 5, in a decision of the Supreme Court, tells you that the meaning of the Constitution is to be found in its *letter*. Mr. W. referred to Judge Harrington, of Vermont, who told the claimant of a slave, that he must bring a bill of sale from Almighty God, before he could substantiate his title.

Our friends say, take the broad and open ground of the Dissolution of the Union. Then they will respect you. Well; may be it will do good. But I have not heard that our friends have yet had much effect upon the South; that they have frightened the chivalry very much.

We were asked, what should be done, while we are securing a proper interpretation of the Constitution?

But I ask them how they will dissolve the Union?—and I wait their pleasure for a reply.

They *infer* that the Constitution is so and so—is so pro-slavery—because Washington and other slaveholders made it. The only question, is—*What sort of a Constitution did they frame?* What does it say?—What are its terms? Not a word has been brought forward here, to show that the Constitution *authorizes* the recovery of fugitive slaves. It is all about the character of those who made the Constitution, of the action of the Courts, &c., &c. Mr. W. illustrated by a case in Massachusetts where it was plead, that the Senate did not *intend* the law should be as it read—and the plea was ruled out. It was held good for nothing.

Mr. W. went on to speak of the admitted purity of the Liberty Party.

Mr. Foster wanted to know if the Liberty Party did not nominate John P. Hale for the Presidency?

Mr. Ward: No sir. Men who called themselves Liberty party men, nominated John P. Hale.

Mr. Douglass wished to know if the Executive Committee call a Society together, and a large majority abandon their principles, if it was not the Society who abandoned principles?

Mr. Ward: No, sir! Those who remain true to principle are the Society, be they few or many. It is principle, not numbers, or the action of numbers which is the test.

Douglass: But you have added on nineteen principles.

Ward: And so have I added on 19 pounds of flesh since I was sick; but I am Sam. Ward still.

Mr. W. continued:—Our position is—*ARE YOU TRUE TO THE SLAVE?* That is our test. Judge Jay's going for the Whigs, does not compromise us.

Mr. Foster: But your men have mainly left you.

Mr. Ward: Where have they gone? Let us know.

Mr. Foster: They nominated John. P. Hale.

Mr. Ward: Well, where then?

Mr. Foster: John P. Hale went with the Democracy?

Mr. Ward: Where did the Democracy go?

Mr. Foster: To Calhoundom.

Mr. Ward: To Calhoundom! And do you indeed call that the Liberty Party? I thought I should find out where this Liberty Party is, of which you complain. That, sir, is *not* the Liberty Party.

As to political parties. It is not true, that men who begin in politics on just principles, can not go on correctly—must necessarily become corrupt. Mr. W. beautifully traced the political relations, from the hearth-stone of the family circle, to the extremest circle of political action. I do not know that a nomination makes a pure man corrupt.

We are asked, can the Liberty Party be felt? Is it large enough? What is the difference whether truths are uttered by five men or five thousand? I deny the truth of the position, that the American Anti-Slavery Society is the *only* Society which has maintained its integrity, or has been at work. It is not fact, that the Liberty Party do not labor in the cause.

It is not true that the Liberty Party does not maintain its integrity. In 1844, did not the Liberty Party maintain their integrity against all assaults? Did we not maintain our integrity when John P. Hale was nominated? Did not some of our friends go to Buffalo, and help to raise the Platform?—and did *we* not remain true? Have not we maintained our integrity? Gerrit Smith was called on last night to give to this cause, and he has long been in the habit of doing so.

Mr. Foster: He does not give to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr Ward: To this Cause, sir.

Mr. Foster, not to the Society. To this Cause, sir! There are two wings to this Cause.

Mr. W. concluded by saying he should vote for the substitute offered by Mr. Smith.

Frederick Douglass thought that what might be called his side, suffered perhaps from a mixing up of matters. There might be a difference of opinion as to the American Society being the *only* genuine Anti-Slavery instrumentality. The Society is made up of those who believe Slavery is a sin, and are in favor of its immediate abolition. It is a difficult matter for any one man to represent that Society. I am far from awarding to that Society *all* the credit of all that has been done Up to 1840, it was a unit. After the organization of the Liberty party, that was energetic and active in promulgating radical Anti-Slavery truth. But as it grew older and stronger, there was a change, a gradual lowering of the standard, commenced with S. P. Chase, and going to Dr. Bailey; and from thence decay and death ensued. Edmund Quincy admits that the only two sound Anti-Slavery Organizations, are the American Society and the Liberty Party. I do not subscribe to the resolution of Mr. Pillsbury, because I do not believe it to be true, and because it hinders the discussion of the constitutional question, which is THE QUESTION OF THE DAY, as far as Anti-Slavery in this country is concerned.

Mr. Foster thought Mr. Douglass could not have read the resolution. He says he cannot join the Liberty Party; therefore the Anti-Slavery party must be the only party to which he can attach himself.

Mr. Douglass continued: He thought the American Society had done well, but as a member of that society, he could not indulge in so much self-laudation.

[A personal explanation occurred here.]

He wished to address himself to the "bridge" to be passed over, till we reach the spot where we are to have an Anti-Slavery interpretation of the Constitution? My difficulty for four years has been, how could I, if I voted in the meantime, get along without sin?

They all concede to the Supreme Court, the right to determine the meaning of that instrument; and that is LAW to all intents and purposes. Am I to obey or resist?

Mr. Smith: Allow me a word. Is not your objection one which would overturn all civil government? Suppose a Justice in this city bring in a false or corrupt judgment; would you overturn the government? No! turn out the Justice. So of the Supreme Court. If a man takes my axe, and cuts off my child's head: shall I throw away the axe? No. A man takes my harrow, and instead of loosening up my ground, roots up my growing corn, should I destroy the harrow? No. So with the Government. You may have the wisest and purest Constitution, and have it perverted. Your only security is in the sentiment of the country.

Mr. Douglass said: If I must obey the laws, as they are, I am not on the other side of the gulf.

There has been a great deal of assumption on the part of the Liberty party. To say that the constitution is Anti-Slavery, is an assumption against an overwhelming array of testimony, and against the Constitution itself.

The clause supposed to refer to fugitive slaves, is to my mind "*irresistibly clear.*" Let us look at it. What are the words? [Art. 4, section 2.]

Is not a slave, a person? The very name "slave" implies "person." It is to describe a being possessing personality, reduced to property. Is he "held?" Yes. Does he "serve?" Yes. Does he "labor?" Yes. Under the "laws" of those States? Yes. So far the slave is fitly, amply, completely described.

Now it is supposed that there are persons held in some States, of a class not held in other States. Here is a class held in some States by the laws thereof; under those laws, they would be free but for this clause in the Constitution of the United States.

Is there a man who does not know that this clause refers to fugitive slaves?

It is said, nothing is "due" from the slave. But we are not under a system of morality. There is a difference here between morality and law. It is to be "due" according to the "laws" of the State.

Again: they are to be delivered up to the "party" claiming, not to the State: forbidding the idea, that crime is referred to.

As to domestic violence or insurrection, it has not been shown, that there is anything in the Constitution of the United States, which would allow the North to take part with the slaves in an insurrection.

They say the word "slave" is not in the Constitution. In the new Testament a passage says, "Take, eat, this is my body, &c." Upon this is founded the doctrine of transubstantiation; while by others this doctrine is rejected as an absurdity.

As to our dissolving the Union, on our plan, when six States, shall have refused to elect Senators, this Union is dissolved. This is the opinion of jurists. And it is the opinion of many, that any State has a right to secede. If six can do it, we can do it better than you can, for on your plan it will require three times six to bring about what you desire.

The only power, worth a snap of your finger is the power of truth. Truth is the power of God; the power of God unto salvation. The grand lever of the Almighty, to raise man from Slavery to freedom, from ignorance to intelligence; from vice to virtue. Here we stand, untrammelled by politics with no barrier between us and our God—with no power but the power of truth. Time was, when the power of the State was to be altered, the only instrument thought of was the torch and the bayonet—no longer ago than in the time of John Knox. Recent events have shown that the true way to reform, is not to burn the exterior, but to heap the coals of God's truth upon the hearts of men. Slavery is coiled up in the hearts of the electors—and is deeper than the bottom of the ballot-box. It lives in human selfishness, and nothing short of God's truth can reach it. We must have an Anti-Slavery literature; have an Anti-Slavery pulpit, with zeal in it. This overrating the power of the American ballot has been the damning heresy of Anti-Slavery efforts. Our purpose is to stamp our principles upon the hearts of all men. This is the true ground.

Mr. Burleigh: May I ask Mr Smith, whether he ever expects to succeed with his party? I mean, even to elect your candidates to office, and through them to change the action of the government?—or only to rouse up the Church and State, as we intend to do, to proper action?

Mr Smith: I can answer only for myself. We may not do so; but it is not impossible. We are grossly misrepresented; by profound ignorance, I must presume. We have 2000 or 3000 in this State; some west; and not one in New England. We are content—this handful of us—with realizing the true idea of a righteous Civil Government, in our own action and example. We vote for no man but those we *know* to be true men of principle. WE SUCCEED BY DOING RIGHT. Mr. S. went on at length upon the proposition that a man who was a rascal in politics was also a rascal in religion, for as politics, as much as closet prayer, or attending the sanctuary, or reading the Bible, was a part of religion, it could be no better or worse than his religion. [We have not space to follow him.]

Mr. Burleigh: Mr. Smith has not answered the question. Do you expect the party to which you belong, ever to elect its candidates?

Mr. Smith: He could answer, that his idea of the Liberty Party, was to set an example of a pure moral influence before all the other people of the country in political affairs. I can exercise a moral influence in my political action, as well as in my family relations. If my brother, Mr. Foster, will go into a specification of the want of integrity of the Liberty Party, I will answer him; but I cannot be guilty of the absurdity of defending those who have gone out from us. It is too ridiculous, to ask a man to defend those whose course he condemns; with whom he is in no manner associated.

[On motion, the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, were thanked for the proffer of their Church, for this evening; but which, on account of the fact, that the meetings are already held in the Hall, was respectfully declined.]

Mr. C. E. Adams moved a re-consideration of the vote to hold over to-morrow.

Mr. Foster said we had not begun to act on the important object of this Convention which was, to see if all whose *heart* is for the slave, can stand and act together, shoulder to shoulder. I think I have a plan by which this can be done; that we can use the ballot, and obviate all objection, Mr. F. went on to speak of the exclusion of women from the ballot box—that he would not support the government of this State, if it was free from the general government, so long as his wife could not go with him to the ballot-box.

Mr. Smith said that so far as he was concerned, he saw nothing in the way of a complete and glorious union. Let us have toleration. Let us challenge the judgment and intellect of each other. Let us unite in the spirit of love: and it will be a spectacle which will give joy to the angels in heaven, which will fill the heart of the slave with unspeakable delight.

Mr. Burleigh said the division of the American Society, was by the secession of persons from that Society.

The motion for reconsideration was withdrawn.

Adjourned.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1850.

The Massachusetts' Annual Meeting.

The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Pioneer Anti-Slavery Society was held in Faneuil Hall, last week, on the 23d, 24th and 25th instant, and was begun, continued and ended with the most brilliant and entire success. The interest and effectiveness of the Boston Anti-Slavery Meetings have become determinate facts in the minds of all who frequent or occasionally visit them. There has never been such a phenomenon as a flat, stale or unprofitable Meeting of the Massachusetts' Anti-Slavery Society, or of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, since either of them sprung into being. There has never been one that did not attract great multitudes of interested or of curious listeners, of the strangest varieties of condition and of culture, and none that failed to furnish food for them all and to spare. In all years, under every variety of circumstances, the interest in them has never faltered nor flagged. The people of Boston are never tired of going to our Meetings, as the Abolitionists cannot be wearied in [illegible] There is a freshness and raciness in the plainness of speech, the directness of appeal, the singularity of hearing things called by their true names, and men described in their real characters, that never loses its charm. It sometimes seems to us as if it were impossible that the fire within could be kept blazing from year to year so brightly as still to attract and, as it were, to compel the attention of the world without. And yet every year has been the witness of an undiminished power blest doubly in its influence on those that give it forth and those that receive it.

And this is the result of a philosophical Necessity. Truth has an attraction which will make itself felt, in spite of all the obstacles which prevailing Error may interpose to destroy it. The chief practical work of the politics and religion of the Free States for years past has been to throw glamour before the eyes of the people, so that they should not see in what a mean, cowardly, cruel position they and their political and religious guides stand towards the American Slaves and Slave-masters. The people have heard their own praises sounded so long that they have began to believe that they deserve them. But it is not without a horrible misgiving, that there is something hollow about their pretensions, and a dreadful surmise that all the fine things they hear in Fourth of July Orations and Thanksgiving Sermons, and Governors' Messages, and weekly prayers, are most ridiculous humbugs after all, and that, as the old Hopkinsian Calvinists used to say of the natural Heart, if they could but see their national Character as it really is, they could not live a minute. Now the business of the Abolitionists is the direct opposite of that of the Chief Priests and Rulers,—to dissolve the spells which they have laid the people under, to dissipate the blear illusions and false presentments their sorcery has raised, and to show them and their surroundings in their true light and actual character. And it is this that draws together the promiscuous crowds that throng our Meetings. It is something new to hear their Idols in Church and State fitly characterized and their lineaments portrayed by the hands of masters and with colours borrowed from Truth herself. A sketch of this nature of their "Representative Men" and of themselves often stirs their ire, to be sure, but cannot fail to make itself remembered and more or less to qualify the general Opinion.

This Meeting was no exception to the general rule of the thoroughness and the attractiveness that have marked all its predecessors. It began, on the first morning, with a collection of the choicest Anti-Slavery spirits that had come together from all parts of the State and from other States, not numerous but resolute, for the purpose of seeing that the business of the year was put into a proper train. The appointment of the various Committees and the hearing of the Reports of the Treasurer and of the Board of Managers occupied the chief of the first morning. From that time the numbers in attendance began to increase till the afternoon sessions became full, and the evening ones crowded. It is, of course, impossible to do more than tell of the satisfaction which all the members of the Society derived from the proceedings and speeches. It is as vain to give any idea of the impression made at the time by the words fitly spoken, to those who were not present, as it would be to convey an accurate conception of the power of "a well-graced Actor" to one who had never witnessed his impersonations of the creations of Genius. The speaking was singularly excellent and with less interruption than usual from those unfortunate persons whom Emerson has fitly described as "the fleas of Conventions." Hardly any one spoke that had not something to say and that did not say it well, if not eloquently. The action of the Meeting, as recorded by the Secretaries, will appear contemporaneously with this article, and will give our readers an idea of the process of business, and of the topics that engaged its attention. But it can give no more of a living sense of its life, strength and beauty than a skeleton can of the grace or force of a Venus or an Apollo. The strong, hard, polished rudiments of the structure are there, without which it could not have existed, but the rounded proportions, the flexible grace, the muscular vigour, the warmth of colouring are necessarily wanting, and can only be fitly supplied by those who saw them in their prime.

One of the most interesting of the Sessions was that of the second evening when Elizabeth Blakeley, the slave who escaped from Wilmington, North Carolina, under circumstances of such peculiar hardship and danger, of which an account has been given elsewhere in our columns, was presented to a crowded audience. The modest propriety and natural grace of her deportment confirmed the universal sympathy which her terrible experience had excited. She was introduced in a speech of much sensibility and point by Miss Stone.—Her story was confirmed by George Jones, a recent fugitive from the same town, and his own adventures were added as a further illustration of Slavery. Mr. Quincy followed and Mr. Phillips finished the evening with a speech of great power of pathos, and keenness of sarcasm and force of eloquence. The last evening, also, was one of great interest, George Jones again spoke and was followed by Messrs. Garrison, Pillsbury, and Phillips. Mr. Garrison was warmly welcomed and heard gladly, this being the first time he had been able to take part in the proceedings of the Meeting owing to an attack of severe illness. He showed,

speech, introduced two resolutions as substitutes for those that had been discussed, taking the very opposite ground, and so the first action, of course, was to be had on them. A more flagrant procedure I never saw. If one of those who called the Convention had done it, the act would have been an outrage scarcely pardonable. What was it, then, when committed by one who claimed throughout, that he was only an "*invited guest*"?

Besides, we had been solemnly assured that, after the chosen disputants had closed, there should then *be a full, general discussion of the whole subject*. So that the clamor for the question, in which the deep, full tones of Gerrit Smith's voice were heard above every other, was as wickedly unjust, as it was unwarrantable and unreasonable.

The house was immediately thrown into confusion. We were evidently a small minority of the whole, and the opposition seemed desirous to turn the effect of Mr. Ward's speech to the best party account. The Political Demagogue was never performed better. Every attempt of Foster and Burleigh to be heard was drowned in the tumultuous cry of *question, question*, from a hundred throats.

Foster then demanded the yeas and nays. This, too, was clamored down. The Congressional bear-garden never did that. And then, too, the roll, they said, was not fully made out.

It was then asked who had a right to vote in a Convention called by the American Anti-Slavery Society. It was boisterously answered "Everybody who is enrolled, *or is willing to be*."

Finally, it was decided to take the sense of the *whole meeting*, and not call it the determination of the question, only an expression of opinion. The opposition, of course, had a large majority. Probably but few of our friends voted at all. I was sorry any of them did.

At almost eleven at night, the meeting adjourned, or rather *broke up*. I was never so convinced of the corrupting, debasing, depraving tendency of party politics, no matter who the partizan, or what the party. We had been deprived of free speech in the discussion, under pledge that we should have opportunity afterwards, and then were gagged and outraged in a manner too infamous to be described.

The third day was devoted to general discussion, chiefly on the character and merits of the American Anti-Slavery Society, particularly with reference to the Constitution and Union of the United States. But the closing scenes of this evening, were not, in atrocity, behind those of the previous one.

One of the speakers was James C. Jackson. I had not heard him before, though he has formerly labored in New England. It would be difficult to describe his speech, were it important to do so. He defended the doctrine of human government with as much zeal as if it had really been attacked by some one—or as if disunion of these States would be *government annihilation*—assured us that he needed the government, *to keep his wife from running away with other men, and himself from running away with other women*. He advertised the virtues of water-cure, told us how many crisis biles he had on his legs at that present speaking, how nervous he was, how impatient he should be at any interruption, and very many other things of equal relevance and importance. He was then allowed to proceed undisturbed. He was loudly called for by his friends, Gerrit Smith among the rest, and that too when by understanding, with Mr. Smith especially, the time belonged to Stephen S. Foster for a specified object. But he was summoned by his friends, and came obedient to their call. If they passed any vote of thanks for his speech, it was when my attention was turned in some other direction. It was with difficulty that we could interrupt any of the speakers on that side, even with a question, while we were often arrested in our remarks at almost every period. Foster complained of this difference, and not without reason.—Others might have done the same. I obtained but one opportunity to speak, at any length, during the three days of my attendance, and was then interrupted at least once in every five minutes. I was speaking of the Liberty party, when Gerrit Smith arose and pronounced my *insolence* without parallel, and declared he had never been so outraged in all his life. The exceptionable remark was this:

"The American Anti-Slavery Society is based on immutable principle, the Liberty party on slippery policy. The American Society stands upon justice and righteousness, the Liberty party on accommodation and expediency;—one is stern, unchanging right, the other meets and mingles with wrong, and the gulf between them is as wide and deep as between heaven and hell."

This, Mr. Smith deemed and declared *a personal insult to him*, and demanded that it be retracted. If I had ever doubted the truthfulness of the sentiment, his deportment and that of some of his friends at this Convention would have removed the doubt, and confirmed my belief forever. I would have gladly avoided or healed the difference, had it been in my power.

After all, I trust much good will result from the meeting. It was thronged with many of the best people of the city and surrounding region. Much important truth was spoken, and will not be lost. Such was the interest on the third day, that it was voted by acclamation to hold over another. So, at ten minutes before midnight, we adjourned to nine o'clock Friday morning. My engagements compelled me to leave, so that I can tell you nothing of the last day. The resolutions and official proceedings will doubtless be furnished you for *The Liberator*.

Yours most truly,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

PUNCH ON THOMAS CARLYLE.—*Punch*, the excellent Punch, who never fails to stick *his* pen into 'windbags,' and expose 'shams' of whatever sort, thus pillories Mr. Carlyle in a late number:

A BLACK STATUE TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

Pleasant is it to record the ready gratitude of bodies of men. Well, THOMAS CARLYLE, the man who, with his iron pen, pricks "wind-bags;" who, with his iron-tipped shoon, kicks "flunkeydom;" who, with his Vulcanic fist, knocks down the giant "SHAM,"—THOMAS CARLYLE is to be rewarded by the West India planters for his late advocacy of "beneficent whip," and the Kentuckian wrath with which he has all but destroyed emancipated "Black Quashee," the wretch who will not work among sugar-canes, unless well paid for his sweat;" preferring to live upon pumpkin! to be, in fact, a free, luxurious citizen of accursed Punpkindom. THOMAS CARLYLE is to be vicariously executed in black marble, and to stand in the most conspicuous spot of the island of Jamaica, with a pumpkin fashioned into a standish in one hand, and the sugar-cane pointed and nibbed into a pen in the other.

So should it be done unto the man whom the slaveholder delights to honor:

There will be copies in little—statuettes—for the American market, to grace the mantel-shelf of the Virginian man-buyer.

---

*See *Frazer's Magazine* for December.

Father Mathew and Judge Lumpkin.

The *Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph* publishes the following letter from Father Mathew to Judge Lumpkin:

RICHMOND, (Va.) Dec. 22, 1849.

HON'D AND DEAR SIR:—When you condescended to address me an invitation to pay the illustrious body over which you with so much dignity, preside, a visit for the promotion of the sacred cause of Temperance, I was not aware of the high rank as a Judge with which your country has honored you, otherwise I should not have marked my letter private, but have left it to your own prudence to have acted as seemed to you most conducive to the good of the glorious cause, equally dear to us both. The second letter which you kindly forwarded I have never seen, as on its reaching Boston I was confined at New York, by a severe illness, and my physician, Dr. Frazer, and my Secretary, deemed it advisable not to speak to me on such an exciting subject.

I now, honored sir, presume to intrude a letter on your well occupied time, in consequence of an insinuation thrown out that I had unceremoniously declined to reply to your letter requiring an explanation of my opinions on an all-important question. Whatever errors I may have perpetrated, intentional disrespect to any correspondent, however humble his rank is not among them, much less to a personage invested with the high dignity of a Judge. I find, with regret, that my single-mindedness in the advocacy of the, to me, all-absorbing cause of Temperance, is not, in this great country, well understood. In my own beloved country, though groaning under the weight of the heaviest burden of misery that ever a nation bore, I endured every species of calumny rather than risk the infliction of the slightest injury on the Temperance cause, by advocating the repeal of the Union between England and Ireland. In referring your Honor to the conversation I held with Mr. Garrison in the "Adams House," Boston, I vainly thought my solemn declaration of being firmly resolved not to interfere, in any, the slightest degree, with the institutions of this mighty Republic, would have been amply sufficient to calm the anxieties of even the most sensitive American. I now, dear and honored Judge, renew this declaration, and I most respectfully urge no man, who enjoys himself freedom in this emphatically free country, can require more from one, who has meekly come among you to advocate the high and holy cause of Temperance, bearing in his hand the pure and spotless white banner, with the Divine motto inscribed, "Glory to God on high, peace on earth to Men." In the anxious hope that this candid explanation will remove the suspicion of intentional disrespect, in making my reply private, and my not having answered your second favor, I have the honor to be, dear Judge,

Your Brother in Temperance,
and devoted Friend,
THEOBALD MATHEW.

Hon. Judge LUMPKIN, Athens, Geo.

—This Epistle of the Irish Apostle is replied to by the 'dear and honored Judge,' in the *Temperance Banner*, who thinks it very well as far as it goes, but insists that nothing short of taking back all that was said in the O'Connell Circular, and "express regret for the wrong he thus inflicted on an unoffending people" will be satisfactory. The *Tribune* presumes that "Father Mathew will hardly be disposed to degrade himself to the extent of this modest request, even to accommodate the President of the Georgia State Temperance Society." We think it great presumption in the *Tribune* to say so. With this letter before us it is difficult to conceive of any degradation tha the Apostle will not submit to that may be required to ensure him a cordial reception at the South. Indeed it would be difficult for him to make a more explicit recantation of any Anti-Slavery heresy that he has ever been guilty of, than this virtual acknowledgement of the truth of Mr. Garrison's account of their interview in Boston.

The (St. Louis) *People's Organ* gives an account of a recent scene in that city, which would be cite , we suppose, as a proof of the contented condition of the slaves. Anti-Slavery readers probably will get another meaning out of it even as the narrator himself does:

"COMMERCIAL."—The steps of the Court House were crowded yesterday morning to witness the sale of a fine looking *drove* of human beings. The critters, after having their mouths examined like horses, and their limbs pulled about, to test their soundness, were put up to be knocked down by the hammer. Competition was very brisk and the lot realized good prices. A girl, Caroline, attracted our attention and interest from the anxiety she displayed during the bidding for her flesh and blood, bone and sinews. As the price rose to $400, a hopeful, meaning smile gradually spread over her dusky, good natured face, (the last lot, a boy, had only brought some $455 or so.) The bidding, confined to two persons, rose to $470. She became restless, continually glancing from one to the other of her would be purchasers—her predilections for one had evidently been formed—'$470, say the five'—called the auctioneer; a pause ensued, of suspense to her; the one she hoped to serve, hesitated. 'Going at $480—going—who'll say the $500?' He still hesitated; the hopeful look had gone from her features, and was replaced by something akin to a feverish dread—still she looked in his face, wishing she might dare to urge him on. He nodded, '$500 for this fine likely girl; fifteen years old: a guarantee given. $500 *and* going.' A nod from his opponent brought her up to $505. From this moment, she seemed to have cast aside all hope; it was a matter of perfect indifference to her, which might buy her; at least all outward signs had fled, and she glanced round calmly at the crowd of heads looking on her, as, on some jack in the box, shown publicly and gratuitously. We grew sick of the scene as the auctioneer proclaimed $510 had been bid, and we turned to force our way through the crowd, but we were fast wedged. 'Going—fair warning—going;' the key fell on the book, and the auctioneer bent forward to enter the amount of sale—the girl looked also, at the sum she fetched in the flesh market, but never moved a muscle, except, perhaps, a slight brightening was observable in the eye, and in the parting of the lips, as if in pride that she had sold for so much

"'Caroline, you and the boys go home,' exclaimed some one near: the crowd opened to let them pass; and we escaped. *Home!* Father of all, what a mockery of that endearing term; the home of the stranger, perhaps, the trader—a home where bondage ends but with death."

THE HERKIMER FREEMAN, late a Free Soil, but formerly a Liberty party paper, is discontinued for want of patronage. Its editor, Mr. Bowe, says in his valedictory:

"The reasons of its discontinuance are, the beggarly and wretched support it receives, and has received from its very outset, from the great mass of professed friends of Temperance and Freedom in this and in the neighboring counties—the constant and severe pecuniary loss to which its publication has in consequence subjected me—and the fact, that it has at length involved me in debt unite as deeply as I think it either prudent or comfortable to go.

"I began this publication with a few hundred dollars in ready means, and the owner of two small pieces of real estate—one of them being my birth-place and the home of my childhood, which my late father owned and occupied for more than half a century. My cash was soon exhausted, and my pieces of 'free soil' were, one after the other, swamped by the debts of the Freeman and the support of my family—the old homestead being finally engulfed in the vortex during the past year."

He, however, does not yield to this inevitable necessity with a very good grace. He thus continues:

"One of the things we have learned is, that not one man in a dozen of those who profess to be opposed to Slavery, Intemperance, or any of the great social or political evils of the times, can be at all relied on to stand by you in a protracted struggle with such evil—particularly if the struggle brings you in conflict with his favorite sect or party, or if it be likely to cost him any pecuniary sacrifice to speak of. Why this is so, we do not pretend to say: we only cite the fact. Whether it be owing to the weakness, selfishness, or downright treachery of human nature—or whether men of equal candor and intelligence really do not and cannot see alike—'this deponent saith not.' But we have seen more proofs of the fact above noted than we have fingers and toes—ay, if they were multiplied into each other. As a significant illustration on this head, we may mention that of the hundreds of subscribers who started with our first No. in 1844, we have but about 80 left.

Another lesson we have learnt in this experience is, that your real Anti-Slavery men are often quite as intolerant and proscriptive as other folks. We thought Abolitionists were pre-eminently for free speech and the freedom of the press, but we have had these gentry stop their papers in great wrath, because we had ventured to express an opinion not exactly in accordance with theirs on some mooted question; as though the right of opinion belonged to nobody but themselves and those who thought with them! If abybody thinks we shall ever bow tamely down to such despotism as this, we can tell him he is grandly mistaken.

* * * *

"We have learnt, in short, that a Free Press—a press that speaks out boldly, freely, fearlessly on all subjects—holding no institutions, practices or opinions, too sacred to be canvassed—is not wanted in this region. It may be *needed* badly enough, but it is not wanted by the great majority of the people; if it were, they would sustain it. No, no: they want to support pro-slavery priests and presses, of their race, when the rogues who control the movements of their parties see fit to nominate such men; and they don't want to be disturbed in this delicate and easible exercise of their sovereignty. They hold, most of them, that *doing* anything, or even *saying* much of anything against the giant wrongs of War, Slavery, and Intemperance, is 'going too far'—'doing more hurt than good'—and the like.

And so *The Freeman* wishes them good morning!"

It may be that his subscribers would reply that had the *Freeman* not ceased to be Anti-Slavery and become an Old Hunker paper, he would still have found an adequate support. At any rate if all he says be true of that class of Anti-Slavery men whose spokesman he has been, his experience of the character of the former Liberty party is not remarkable or uncommon. The death of nearly every Liberty party paper tells the same story.

WE had hoped this week to give at least an abstract of the proceedings of Congress, but the amount of other matter on hand necessarily compels us to ask indulgence for farther delay.

New Publications.

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.—This excellent monthly commences the year under the most favorable auspices. We cannot do better, at present, than by copying the following flattering, but in no way exaggerated notice, from the *Home Journal*:

The New number of Holden's Magazine, (now published by Wm. H. Dietz, 109 Nassau street,) is one of the best that has appeared of that capital periodical. We offer here no particular criticism of the number before us, but may observe of the Magazine in general, that it is among the cleverest miscellanies now published. Its extraordinary cheapness induces an impression that it is of low tone and inferior quality; but there is really no work more uniformly elegant and sparkling among the fifty monthlies of the country. Mr. Charles F. Briggs, the editor, is one of the leading literary men of the time. In wit, he is the first; in a peculiar humor—so sharp in its points as to be commonly recognized only as wit—he has few equals; and in critical appreciation of the compositions of others, he is admirably fitted for the place of a literary editor. His "Harry Franco," "Haunted Merchant," "Tom Pepper,," and "Letters of Ferdinand Mendoza Pinto," are works displaying unquestionable and very attractive abilities; they do not contain a feeble or a vicious paraprapah; and they all—though the more recent of them most eminently—are marked by an individuality of feeling, fancy and expression, that constitutes the surest claim to desirable and enduring fame in authorship. The Dollar Magazine is now and hereafter the medium of Mr. Brigg's communication with the public, and it may be expected that it will develope, in every issue, new features of value and popularity.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LV.

THE ARGUMENT. *The Correspondent's fears for this letter.—His occupations.—Howard Payne's Goblet.—The Payne Festival.—In New York and here.—Zoologic patriotism.—His Anti-Slavery Adventure.—The Children's Clock.—Longfellow's Ode.—Proposed Edition and its Ornaments.—Gratitude for minute mercies.—Proposition in Legislature to equalize representation.—Mr. Earle and Mr. Lawrence.—A Quaker set-to.—Trial in Mr. Palfrey's District.—The Correspondent thereon.—&c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Jan. 21st., 1850.

I AM by no means certain that I shall be able to complete my bi-mensal epistle, for two excellent reasons,—first, the want of time, and, secondly, the lack of matter. As to the first, I have been busied, almost night and day about an Anti-Slavery task, which had to be completed at a day certain, which day is to-day. And this task was nothing less than to compress within some seventy-five pages the substance of all that Slavery and Anti-Slavery had been doing for the last calendar year. Which is about equivalent to being expected to manufacture that ingenious article of Eastern *virtu* by the name of which Howard Payne proposed some twenty years ago to call a New Universal Magazine he was going to set up. I am afraid to venture upon my recollections of the original Persian (especially after your cruel treatment of my poor "*Chirstkindlienbaum*" which I left at your door, a week or two since, in pollysyllabic raggedness,) but the meaning of it was "THE GOBLET IN WHICH YOU MAY BEHOLD THE WORLD!" It was like abridging Gibbon for the use of Schools. Or would need a forty Abbott power, of more than hydraulic pressure, for compressing History into *bon bon* boxes, to do it well.

Poor Howard Payne! How well do I remember the Payne Festival here, about the year Thirty Three. Mr. Payne had returned to this country after an absence of many years, most of which he had spent in London as a Dramatic Author and Adapter. "Home, sweet Home," in his "Clari or the Maid of Milan," has made his words, if not his name, household ones everywhere that the English language is spoken. I remember he told me of the nicety of the task of adapting that Opera. It was translated from the French, I think, and every song, and they are many, was to be made a fac-simile in words and rhythm of each corresponding original. He wrote, besides, "Brutus," "Charles II.," and any quantity of farces. His career had ended where such careers are apt to end, in bankruptcy, and he came home to see if he could mend his fortunes. In New York he had a very successful benefit, the pit and boxes being thrown into one, the prices doubled, the Militia Military there in uniform, and all the beauty and fashion which, too often, are only to be found in the newspaper puffs, were there, arranged very unlike either the lilies of the field or Solomon in all his Glory. And so he came on to Boston to try his luck here.

His friends did the best they could. The Manager gave the use of the House. Every proper form of recruiting service was tried. The patriotism and the love of literature of the Athens of America was appealed to in his behalf. The prices were doubled. And, by way of encouragement, "*pour encourager les autres*," as Voltaire said the British Government shot Byng to encourage the other Admirals, all we, his friends, took places in the Second Row, so as to leave the best places for those that did not enjoy that privilege. But, some how or another, the American Athenians did not fancy this particular new thing.—And while about half the second Row was crammed full of Friendship (in this case, certainly, something more than a Name,) Patriotism and Love of Literature left the lower Row and the Pit as bare as the Palm of your hand. And then, bless you, there was no end to the entertainment we had provided. It was an Antepast of Eternity, if not of Paradise. And then some unlucky wight called for the beneficiary, and he had to come on, hat in hand, and make a flourishing Speech full of gratitude and admiration and about the American Eagle or the British Lion and other zoological curiosities. But, for all that, I have always heard that he went away and d—d Boston in the gross by detail, and he has never since honored us by his presence.

Mr. Payne was afterwards private secretary to John Ross, I think it was, and when in Georgia, in this capacity, was arrested as an Abolitionist, and came near meeting with the fate Hangman Preston and Jack Ketch Foote denounce as the fit doom of such miscreants. Had he happened to have had any paper about him which could have borne such a construction, it would have gone hard with him. While he was in the custody of some of the Chivalry of Georgia, one of them began to sing "Home Sweet Home." He claimed his rights of authorship, and though it was at first doubted, I believe he had the means of convincing his captors that he was the *ipsissimus ipse*,—the very he. I do not know that it had the softening effect of

"——————the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet;"

but I believe it procured some mitigation of his captivity. He so effectually cleared his character of the suspicion of Anti-Slavery that the Legislature of Georgia passed apologetic resolutions and censured the over-zeal of his captors. I have heard that, since then, one of those obliging relations, one so seldom meets with out of novels, has died and left him a fortune,—so that I cannot conclude this episode as I begun it with an apostrophe to *poor* Howard Payne!

Last week a plan was carried into effect, which has been some time in contemplation, of furnishing Faneuil Hall with a Clock by the general contribution of the Children. It seems to many that the City of Boston was competent to buy a clock for itself, without taxing the pocket-money of the rising generation. But it was got up and carried through, by a very well meaning, doubtless, but not always a very judicious gentleman, who has long interested himself in the concerns of the children of Boston. His flock he found rather difficult to manage, but he contrived by superhuman efforts to get them quiet, when the Governor, the Mayor, and other dignitaries entered, whom he received unfurling the Flag of our Glorious Union. After the proper amount of soft soap, indispensable on such occasions had been applied, the children sung Mr. Longfellow's recent Ode to the Union. This patriotic poem you will be happy to hear is soon to appear in an illuminated edition, adorned with a vignette representing Mr. Hoar, enjoying the blessings of the Union in South Carolina, and illustrated with notes by Mr. Hubbard, setting forth its advantages in Louisiana. If the worthy gentlemen who hang over the platform and are condemned to be talked to without the privilege of a reply, know as much as we are apt to suppose people in the other world do, they must think we are thankful for small mercies in this day of small things.

In the Legislature a proposition has been made, and is now under discussion, for the equalization of the influence of the rural districts and of the large towns, in the lower house. It is now arranged, Boston, Salem, Lowell, New Bedford, and a few other cities and populous towns, virtually govern the State. These are sure, as a general thing, to be Whig, and to be under the control of the money-power,—and thus it is that a handfull of men in State Street govern Massachusetts with much more absolute and certain sway, than the Old Albany Regency used to govern New York, in its days of prosperity. For our Oligarchy is compact and has much fewer wires to pull, and, as the wires are golden ones they are tolerably sure of a response. Whether the plan suggested is the best, or whether it can be made to pass in any shape, I cannot say. The House refused to commit it to the hands of the Judiciary Committee, which act the part of the Mutes whose business it is to apply the bowstring, in well-ordered governments, to all doomed propositions. This was the case with the enemies of the change. It was referred to a Special Committee and promises to create a lively agitation. Our excellent friend John Milton Earle of Worcester, on this occasion took off his Quaker coat and gave the Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Belchertorn, his gruel in a style worthy of Cribb or Mendoza. This honorable gentleman was he who said, before Taylor's nomination, that he had been Tylerized once and that he would be paralyzed before he would try it again. And, then, eating his words without sauce, went about doing his best to *Taylorize* the State.

This is the day of the trial in Mr. Palfreys district. I wonder the Free Soilers are not ashamed to look one another in the face, after their neglect in t tter. As far as *they* are concerned Mr. Palfrey would be justified in retiring from the field. But for his own credit and consistency, I trust he will stand just where he does for the rest of his natural life, if necessary to defeat a choice. He should remember,

"They also serve who stand and wait.

Of course, I mean, unless he comes up to our ground and refuses to be a candidate for an office under the Constitution.—D. Y.

Communications.

Free Produce....Reply to "Alpha," No. IV.

FRIEND GAY:—I have just read "Alpha's" "*Slave-labor Products No. VI.*" The cool and easy manner in which he proceeds with the discussion is certainly admirable. He sees no paradox, fallacy, inconsistency or weak point on his own side to give up, fortify, or explain; and no argument *against* him, better than the bold assertion, "*that a spade is not a spade.*" His case is clearer, if possible, than ever. So he goes on reaffirming what I freely admit, repeating what has been already stated, taking for granted the main things to be proved, confounding important moral distinctions, and boldly assuming his grand conclusion as *undeniable*. Like an eagle, gyrating on complacent wing amid the clouds, he circles round and round in the fleecy vapor of his *generalisms*, far beyond the reach of my puny missiles. How vain then all my endeavors to reach him by argument! Were I to continue them a whole decade, it is not at all likely I should throw one doubt into his mind, as to the infallibility of Free Producism? The same is probably true of all Free Producers of similar mental constitution and moral education. They have a certain instinctive *feeling*, that it is a sin to use slave-labor products, which has taken a certain form of manifestation from certain leading minds of the past, (precisely as *plain dress* and *plain speech* have,) but which will not bear the strict analysis of unbiased reason. Nevertheless, to such persons this *form* of manifestation seems all-important—if not *indispensable*—to the fulfillment of Anti-Slavery righteousness. And such a persuasion having chrystalized in their minds, all the arguments in the world cannot change it. As, however, this scruple is founded on no fundamental principle of universal application, it follows no general analogy, and extends to no regular classification of cases in common practice. Hence we see Free Producers perfectly willing to carry on *commerce* with slaveholders, in articles obtained in exchange for slave-labor products; whilst they deem it exceedingly sinful to use a cotton handkerchief manufactured and sold in New England, merely because one-tenth of its value was created by slave labor, or was stolen, as they say, from the *poor slave*. Such notions, with all their practical inconsistencies, are comparitively harmless, so long as they are not magnified into an artificial importance which thrusts aside or underrates really well-founded, meritorious, efficient and indispensable Anti-Slavery instrumentalities. This is the besetting vice of all such moral eccentricities, they ascend the rostrum, claim to be the *great all in all*, and underrate every thing else, even vital measures, as of little or no account. Thus technical Free Producism, now advocated in this discussion by "Alpha," is magnified as "THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE," of Anti-Slavery,—when in fact, as a few years of history will prove, it is a mere *incident* in the great revolution going on. When that revolution shall have been completed, and chattel Slavery been numbered with dead barbarisms, this same Free Produce movement will only be remembered, if remembered at all, as a matter of special scruple with a class of well-meaning people, who *fancied* that it was to be the principal means of abolishing the gigantic institution. I do not say all this to pain the hearts of honest Free Producers, which I fear it will do, nor to lower myself in their good opinion, which will be one of its inevitable effects, but because it is the *naked truth*, which will in a few years be verified beyond a doubt. If not, let it stand on record to my shame. And now I come to the upshot of these observations, which is that I shall cut the present discussion short, as useless, unless "Alpha" answers my arguments, clears away the difficulties I have raised, or gives up as *untenable* such of his positions as I have shown to be such. If nothing can be settled—no argumentative progress made—let us spare ourselves and the public this multitude of words. Time and the onward course of events will soon settle the main question, whether we can or not.

As it respects "Alpha's" No. VI., I see hardly anything in it to which I can reply without repeating what I have already said. It contains only his previous assumptions, and assertions, a little diversified with new matter of the same general nature. He has brought forward certain general propositions, axioms, &c., to which he knows I assent; and some of which are stated in my own words. We do not differ except in the particular application of these to the question at issue. He says I have not "attempted to show their want of application to the case of the use of the products of Slavery." I am sure I *have* attempted this, and in my own humble opinion *succeeded* in showing that his application of them to this case is a *misapplication*. I know not how to do this more plainly or effectively.

He quotes an extract from George Thompson's speech in favor of Great Britain's encouraging within her Empire the growth of cotton and other staples, heretofore obtained from slaveholding countries, as a powerful means of abolishing Slavery. Have I ever objected to such a scheme? I doubt its practicability and success. I doubt whether slaveholding is so entirely founded on *money-making* as Mr. T. represents. I doubt whether the whole English market can be so provided for as to exclude slave-labor products. And if it could be, I doubt whether other parts of Europe and the world would not still buy enough of the slaveholder's to keep them in countenance. But I do not doubt the morality of Great Britain's doing what George Thompson recommends; nor, if the British people, with any tolerable unanimity would come into the measure, do I doubt it would give Slavery a hard pressure. Mr. Thompson, if I understand him, does not start with "Alpha's" doctrine that the use of slave-labor products is a damning sin—a *malum in se*. But he goes in for giving such a preference to British provincial grown cotton, &c.,—for such a *patronage*, that it should naturally supercede slave-grown staples in the English market, and thus cripple the commerce of the slaveholders. It is an expedient which, however doubtful in operation and effect, is founded on the plain morality of encouraging laudible enterprise in preference to and discouragement of the contrary. Have I objected to this? Not at all. I have gone *for* it. So the eloquent and devoted George Thompson is quoted in vain against my positions.

"Alpha's" fabulous tale from the legend of Aden Ben Hassen lacks an important appendix or Post Script, which I will add: "What the great Abdallah could not do, by his enchantments, to corrupt the Progressionists, was soon found to be quite unnecessary. Their own love of money readily brought them into most advantageous arrangements with the pirates. The pirates had only to go and see their *stolen goods*, or even their stolen men, to those who would pay for them in the merchandize of some other country, when the Progressionists were not only *willing* but *eager* to buy this merchandize and pay round profits on it. And though they knew that these profits were devoted to piracy, yet all their affection for Goodness and Truth was insufficient to hold them back from so lucrative and convenient a commerce. Moreover, they entered into close political relations with the pirates, some of whom they made legislators, magistrates and officers, to suppress disorder, prevent common larceny, and keep the public peace. And to cap the climax, a distinguished Progressionist Mufti, in denouncing the Progressionists, finally laid down the doctrine that of the two the pirates were comparatively innocent men. When Abdallah heard of all this, he shook his head most incredulously, exclaiming, *if so, I am out-done, and my craft is useless!*"

Further replication to "Alpha's" No. VI., being uncalled for by anything in that article, I forbear.

Fraternally yours,
ADIN BALLOU.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, Dec. 1849.

MR. GAY—*Dear Sir*:—In about a month from this time our Parliament will assemble. We shall have as many words and as few wholesome deeds as possible. The tendency of our people is onward; the tendency of the chief priests and the rulers is to stand still—the chief priests educate the aristocracy, our rulers, and our rulers, when grown up, appoint the chief priests to fat benefices and fatter Bishoprics—the priests have the *mind-twisting* of our hereditary rulers when they are young, and they weave the web of their State policy into the young aristocrats, so that they shall grow up thoroughly shaded in favor of Church and State, which, being translated, by their acts, means the Tithes of the Land for the State priests, and the patronage of the Army—the Navy—the Ordnance—the Crown Lands—the patronage of British India, the Colonies, and of all Governmental offices, for the peers and their children, and their off-shoots, in short, the right divine to govern wrong.

And these parties breed in and in—the parsons marry the elderly spinsters of the aristocracy, when they hang on hand, and the interest of the head of the family gets him a good benefice or two—and the bishop's daughters, having good lookers, marry in return the younger sons of the aristocracy—thus as generation succeeds generation, they keep up the family interest and return the good offices and good things—as nearly as possible, share and share alike.

By this union between priest and peer, it is that the "mud-puddles of Theology" embodied in a heavy State Church is kept upon the shoulders of the people—and that religion is in a great degree lost to the people in the contempt they are made to feel for those who teach absurd creeds, who evidence its practice in the uniform practice of wordly politics, and who, having the patronage of the State in their keeping, frown down those who exert themselves to put an end to this state of things, by which the equal rights of the many are sacrificed to the few. Let me give you an idea of the amount of this influence. There is raised from Labor of the People yearly, and every year, in taxes, fifty-four millions of pounds sterling!

Last year our expenditure, in round numbers, was fifty-four millions sterling, out of which, four millions were expended on the interest of debts for past wars or the expenses of our standing army—seven millions out of fifty-four paid the whole expense of the Civil Government, the Civil List, the expense of the Queen's Establishment, the administration of Justice, the Poor Law offices, the offices of the Home and Foreign Secretaries; in fact the whole cost of conducting the civil machinery of the State.

The truth is, as to government in England, that it has been in all past time a Government of force or fraud—of Force prior to what we have been taught to call "the glorious Revolution," when the dominant party of the then aristocracy saw it to be most for their interest to send King James II. on his travels, and set up the Dutchman, William III.—whom they could use for their then purpose better than they could use the worn-out race of the Stewarts.—The Dutchman's inclination for Continental wars enabled the aristocracy the better to control and shear the people for their own benefit—they set up the Dutchman, and under the form of a mixed Government, which really was an oligarchy under the name of a Constitutional Monarchy they got rid of all the taxes which their class had previously borne, and fixed the out-goings entirely upon the laborers; and out of the laborers of the country now come the enormous sum yearly of fifty-four millions of pounds sterling! And that sum is expended in War and its incidents: the standing army and navy.

Having given you the amount of annual patronage, let me give you an example from a current number of a penny paper, of its regular working.

"INCREASE OF MINISTERIAL PATRONAGE.—Since March 1845, no less than 1814 public appointments have been made, the salaries of which amount to upwards of 272,500*l*. The expenses of the establishments connected with them amount to 630,636*l*. Respecting the exercise of patronage by the Board of Admirality, Sir Charles Napier says:—'So far are the Admirality from reducing their patronage, that they are every day grasping for more. Formerly captains alone had the power of bringing young gentlemen into the service, a reasonable share of which went to the Admirality. They have now seized upon the whole, allowing two to an admiral, and one to a captain on his commissioning a ship; and not satisfied with that, the captain is generally solicited by some one of the Board to give up his vacancy; the commanders have been lately deprived of their's, and unless it is checked, the captains will share their fate. The master's assistants have long been in their grasp, *these little places being very convenient for the members of naval boroughs!*"

Now bear in mind, the men composing our army get nothing but the "Cat-o-nine-tails" and a mere subsistence. It was no uncommon thing, until very recently, for men to be flogged to death, but in most floggings they partially recovered from the torture, and lingered on for a time before they fell into the grave. The system continued, notwithstanding the efforts of many benevolent men to secure the abolition of this cruel and degrading punishment. But recently a poor man died immediately after the infliction of 200 lashes, and a spirited coroner secured such a public investigation of the case, that it led to a parliamentary inquiry, and a reduction of the power to inflict more than 50 lashes. But the punishment is by some officers inflicted in what is called "slow time," and may thus be made very devilish.

—The restriction to 50 lashes has not, as yet, been imposed in the navy.

The practice however, has excited public attention, and it is pleasing and encouraging to state that there is hardly any social wrong that is not now undergoing investigation by some portion or other of the public, with a view to a remedy. The remedies come slowly because the people have to move their rulers forward, and the Bench of Bishops, and the aristocracy, with the power and influence they have, which I have partially shown above, are a heavy weight to carry ahead.

—Still we do get on, and as Time moves off the prejudiced and interested, and the people gain, as they are rapidly gaining, a knowledge of the things that tend to their peace and well-being; the influence of priestcraft and statecraft mixed up and embodied in a State Church and a selfish hierarchy and aristocracy is, nevertheless, getting weaker, because the knowledge of the people is now greater, as regards the means to be used to win equality of rights.

—They are beginning to understand fully that it is not by storm, that 90 000 bayonets, held by as many well-disciplined soldiers, that an unarmed people, forbidden by law to meet together for exercise, are to win their liberties, but by a knowledge of the causes of the evil, and by unity of action and the spread of knowledge. They understand now the tactics of agitation—they know how to deliver themselves at public meetings without subjecting themselves to prosecution for treason and sedition; and they are beginning to understand the strength of sympathy, and the power of that moral odium which the constant exposure of public abuses and the steady direction of the public mind against those who support those abuses has, in producing reformation.

—The lecturer is with us rapidly gaining an influence, in opposition—not to religion, but to theology. Many excellent lecturers are now able to support themselves by lecturing on subjects pertaining to the well-being of man in this life. Men are now, to a large extent, convinced that to well educate and well place men in this life, is the best way to prepare them for that which is to come, and they listen to those who address themselves to the errors and wrongs of this world, that they may be the better prepared for those higher truths and greater usefulness for which Jesus has taught them to prepare.

I take, from the same penny paper, the following extract from a popular lecturer, who is much esteemed for his word and doctrine.

"THE WORK OF REFORM IS WITH THE PEOPLE.—The men who seek wholesome and necessary reforms are the true conservatives. They are the men who will contribute in the greatest degree to the maintenance and security of the throne. The work must be done by the people, and for this simple reason, that from the beginning of time all Governments have been dishonest; on the principle that wherever you give irresponsible power, that power will be abused. Take the best men in the country and place them in power, surround them by temptation, and in process of time that power will be abused. They will be found legislating for their own interests and laboring to serve their own connexions. The only check upon individual selfishness, upon that selfishness which developes itself even in the best of men, is that of establishing a due responsibility. What can be expected from the present House of Commons? There is a majority of men in that House who have a direct or indirect interest in maintaining the army, the navy, the church; who have personal grounds for cherishing the pension list, maintaining large salaries, useless offices, and official extravagance. You have lately seen, in the management of your railways, the effect of giving irresponsible power into the hands of one man. We see the evil effects of unchecked and irresponsible power in the management of local boards and parish vestries. Your railway management presents an epitome of all the Governments that ever existed. The same principle operates in our present system of representation. I say, then, give the people knowledge—the power to correct abuse and prevent wholesale peculation will grow out of that knowledge. —*Mr. Begg, at Bristol.*"

Now this is the political food which the people receive with eagerness and will pay for hearing, and in the cities and towns there is no necessity for the lecturers to talk *down* to their level, for in understanding, they are up to and appreciate him.

I am led to think that many whose minds have been directed to the influence which the moral agitation by Garrison, yourself, and other good men in America, have led against Slavery has much strengthened their convictions of the value of iterating and reiterating important truths.

The love of Justice is a law of our being and whatever men may do when any sin or iniquity which they themselves may practice is assailed, they will always shoulder up and approve those truths and efforts that do not interfere with their own sins, errors, or interests. Thus the majority, when good leaders stand forth, will unite in favor of that which is just because they have no objection to—"damn "the sins they're not inclined to, thus compounding for 'those they have a mind to.—"

If it had not been for this principle, selfishness would overcome all efforts at progress, but selfishness is individual, and the love of justice is general—the one looks to self only, the other pervades humanity at large, and truth gets general support, though it meets with particular hostility.

This is an encouraging truth which Abolitionists should keep in their remembrance, and which their progress in the United States of America, the hot-bed of Slavery and prejudice testifies and justifies.

ABRAHAM TUCKER.

General Intelligence.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON CALIFORNIA.

The following message was transmitted to the House of Representatives by General Taylor, in answer to a late resolution of that body:—

To the House of Representatives of the United States:—I transmit to the House of Representatives, in answer to the resolution of that body, passed on the 21st of December last, the accompanying reports of Heads of Departments, which contain all the official information in the possession of the Executive asked for by the resolution.

On coming into office, I found the military commandant of the department of California exercising the functions of a civil Government in that territory; and left

Poetry.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN:

A CHILD'S STORY.

(Written for, and inscribed to, W. M. the younger.)

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy:
"And as for our Corporation—shocking
"To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
"For dolts that can't or won't determine
"What's best to rid us of our vermin!
"You hope, because you're old and obese,
"To find in the furry civic robe ease?
"Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
"To find the remedy we're lacking,
"Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in counsel;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
"I wish I were a mile hence!
"It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
"I'm sure my poor head aches again,
"I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
"Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster.
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous;)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
"Anything like the sound of a rat
"Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
"Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
"Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table;
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able
"By means of a secret charm, to draw
"All creatures living beneath the sun,
"That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
"After me so as you never saw!
"And I chiefly use my charm
"On creatures that do people harm—
"The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
"And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
"In Tartary I freed the Cham,
"Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
"I eased in Asia the Nizam
"Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats:
"And, as for what your brain bewilders,
"If I can rid your town of rats
"Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As if the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary.
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
"I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
"And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
"Into a cider-press's gripe;
"And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
"And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
"And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
"And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
"And it seemed as if a voice
"(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
"Is breathed) called out, Oh rats rejoice!
"This world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
"So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
"Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
"And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
"Already stave, like a great sun shone
"Glorious scarce an inch before me,
"Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
"—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
"Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
"Consult with carpenters and builders,
"And leave in our town not even a trace
"Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too;
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
"We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
"And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
"So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
"From the duty of giving you something for drink,
"And a matter of money to put in your poke;
"But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
"Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
"Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
"A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
"I've promised to visit by dinner time
"Bagdat, and accept the prime
"Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
"For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
"Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
"With him I proved no bargain-driver,
"With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
"And folks who put me in a passion
"May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor; "d'ye think I'll brook
"Being worse treated than a cook?
"Insulted by a lazy ribald
"With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
"You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
"Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)—
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling.
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters?
However he turned from South to West.
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
"He's forced to let the piping drop,
"And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hallowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
"I can't forget that I'm bereft
"Of all the pleasant sights they see,
"Which the Piper also promised me,
"For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
"Joining the town and just at hand,
"Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
"And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
"And everything was strange and new;
"The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
"And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
"And honey-bees had lost their stings,
"And horses were born with eagles' wings;
"And just as I became assured
"My lame foot would be speedily cured,
"The music stopped and I stood still,
"And found myself outside the hill,
"Left alone against my will,
"To go now limping as before,
"And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his hearts content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
"On the Twenty-second of July,
"Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six;"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers have risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Miscellany.

From The Literary World.

THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS.

The enterprises of Publishers constitute an important feature in the history of literature. Booksellers and Publishers are the public purveyors of our literary aliment. They sustain intermediate relations between the public and authors, whose interests, next to their own, it is their province to foster and defend. The book-business of modern times has assumed an importance unknown to the days of its infancy, when the monks monopolized the *Commercium librorum*.

The profession is said to have taken its rise, indeed, even in classic times, when an extensive traffic was carried on in MSS. by the Scribes and Copyists; and to have flourished also during the Saxon era, many eminent names being on record of transcribers in the seventh and eighth centuries. Books in their present form were first invented, it is said, by Attalus, King of Pergamus, in 887.

The diffusive spread of knowledge, and the founding of monasteries, gave increased importance to this branch of commerce, although the earliest mention of a "public dealer in books" is of one Peter de Blois, who lived about 1170. He was a distinguished scholar—the craft in his day having been more remarkable for erudition than it has been in some subsequent epochs of its history. Booksellers then exercised their calling under the supervision and censorship of the Universities; and books themselves were then, moreover, rare and costly luxuries,—the prerogative of the privileged few; now they have become the common property of mankind.

During the middle ages, the booksellers were called *Stationarii* at the Universities of Paris and Bologna; but the first regularly matriculated bookseller was doubtless Faustus, for he is said to have carried his books for sale to the Monasteries in France, and elsewhere. The first bookseller, it is stated, who purchased MSS. for publication, and speculated in the enterprise, not possessing a press of his own, was John Otto of Nuremberg, who flourished in 1516. Caxton, the father of the English press, however, who lived 1471–1491, and who had twenty-four presses in his office at Westminster Abbey, doubtless issued many new and original productions at his own risk, as well as older works, and the emanations of his own pen.

The history of the publishing business, from the invention of the "divine art" to the close of the seventeenth century, is graced with a luminous train of illustrious names, as author-booksellers, whose literary attainments and critical acumen shed lustre alike on both the pursuits of author and publisher.

From the days of Caxton to the accession of James I., the press appears to have been to no inconsiderable extent devoted to the printing of classical works; this preference for the literary stores of antiquity, however, was not restricted to the English press, it prevailed to a still greater degree among the printers of Germany, Italy, and France. The labors of the Alduses, the Stephenses, and the Plantins were thus consecrated, till at the dawn, and during the era of the Reformation, the printing of the Sacred Scriptures, in a great measure, divided the attention of the printers. The celebrated names of Wynkin de Worde, Pynson, Weir, Day, Dunton, Lintot, Tonson, and Ballard, with others, form a luminous train of illustrious bibliopoles, whose literary enterprises occupy a conspicuous feature in early literary history, for some of them contributed in no small degree to enrich numerically the estate of English literature. Wynkin de Worde, the able associate and successor of Caxton, having printed four hundred and eight distinct works, while Pynson, Day, and others, issued more than half that number each. Between the years 1474 and 1600, it has been estimated about 350 printers flourished in England and Scotland, and that the products of their several presses amounted in the aggregate to 10,000 distinct productions. At the great fire of London, in 1666, the booksellers of Paternoster Row sustained a serious loss—as heavy a calamity to them as the destruction of the Alexandrian Library was to the ancients. Dwelling in such close proximity to St. Paul's, they were accustomed to deposit large quantities of books, for their supposed greater safety, in the vaults of the Old Cathedral; these, at the time of the fire, were valued by Evelyn at £200,000.

The number of new publications issued from 1800 to 1827, exclusive of pamphlets, according to the London Catalogue, was 19,860, or an average of 600 new works per annum: in the eleven previous years 4096; and for the intervening period—1789 to 1666—it has been supposed the annual issues of new books averaged 100. This estimate is exclusive of the legion of phamphlets, which are too numerous to compute, as may safely be inferred from the fact of the 2000 volumes,—consisting of 30,000 tracts issued between 1640 and 1660, which were presented to the British Museum by George the Third.

The most potent auxiliary in the multiplication of books, since the discovery of "the divine art," has undoubtedly been the invention of the steam-press. By its economic process, the affluent resources of genius and the literary wealth of the world have been rendered universally accessible. To compute the benefits it has conferred upon the present, as well as the immunities it will convey to all subsequent times, transcends all human calculation. The Press is like the caloric of nature—it overspreads and circulates throughout the whole social system. With this numerical increase of books has been a corresponding increase of authors and readers; it has been also characterized by a prolific growth of pseudo-authorship.

True books—books that are books—are comparatively few; they are the pure gold of our literary currency, which is represented by a prodigal distribution of paper counterfeits. In 1827, a new system of cheap publications commenced,—"Constable's Miscellany," and the issues of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," taking the lead, which were followed in 1832 by the "Penny Magazine," "Chambers's Journal," "The Family Library," "Penny Cyclopædia," &c., which last work cost something like £200,000 in its production. It has been supposed that the annual periodical issues of the British press at that time exceeded the amount of printed sheets published throughout Europe, from the period of Guttemberg's discovery to the year 1500. The weekly circulation of "Punch" alone is said to have been 300,000; and the gross amount of magazines and other periodicals sold on "Magazine-day," in Paternoster Row, monthly, has been estimated at 500,000 copies. The annual returns of periodical works alone are estimated at £300,000.

The "Pictorial History of England," which cost its publishers, Charles Knight & Co., £50,500, was one of the liberal enterprises of the age, although inferior to many other literary speculations; like the Penny Cyclopædia, it was a great gift to the masses, who were excluded from the benefits of more expensive works. Publishers even in the days of Pope were the medium of liberal payments to authors as Lintot's munificent payment of £5000 for the translation of Homer attests. Rees's great Cyclopædia was also produced at the cost of £300,000. Scott received for his romances something like £100,000, and Byron nearly £25,000 for his various copyrights. Henry G. Bohn's great catalogue of 300.000 volumes, comprising the most superb and extensive literary stock in existence, also exhibited the fruits of enterprise by publishers to an immense extent.

Among the more prominent publishers of costly embellished works, the names of John Boydell and John Nichols take foremost rank;—these worthies are said to have expended jointly the princely sum of £350,000 in the promotion of art. Boydell's Shakspeare, and Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, were among their magnificent speculations,—the former, unfortunately, subjecting its publisher to a loss of £100,000. We might also refer to the superb work of Pistolesi on the Vatican, and the numerous works of art that have been produced during the century, as evidences of the importance of the bibliographic craft. Bohn and Tegg have each made large fortunes by buying up "remainders" of editions of works, the sales of which had begun to subside: so enormous are their respective collections that their wealth in books surpasses, it is believed, even that of Longmans.

Longman & Co. are the largest publishers in the world, taking into the account the enormous amount of capital they have constantly embarked in copyrights. Moore received from this establishment £3000 for his *Lalla Rookh*, and for several years £500 per annum, on account of his *Irish Melodies*. They also pay £600 a year for ten years for Mr. Macaulay's History of England, volumes 1 and 2.

But it is needless to specify instances of this kind. They have in their employ about two hundred persons in their establishment; and some idea may be formed of the prodiguous extent of their business, from the fact that a messenger is kept constantly occupied in conveying their letters to and from the Post-office, at frequent intervals. Murray, Bentley, and Colburn, are styled the aristocratic publishers; they do not, as Longmans, sell other books as well as their own publications,—these are, however, so numerous and important, that they may be said to rank next to Longmans as to the magnitude of their pecuniary operations.

The Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, are considered unrivalled for the extent and completeness of their establishment,—some five hundred persons being employed in its several departments, of typesetting, stereotyping, printing, and binding. It is impossible to ascertain the gross pecuniary amount of their operations per annum. Some idea of their prodigious extent may be inferred from the fact that for one item—the paper used for their series of cheap tracts, they paid £25,766—more than $125,000. They also paid the enormous sum of £40,000 merely for advertising their Cyclopædia of Literature,—proof sufficient of the prodigal liberality of their business policy. Their establishment is eleven stories high; their presses throw off 150,000 whole sheets a day. It was Robert Chambers, we believe, who recently paid out from the business, £20,000 for a country seat, without sensibly affecting its funds. This reminds us of the fact that both Longmans, Murray, Tegg, and others, have not only amassed large fortunes, they also possess splendid town and country residences, and live in a style of great affluence. It is the boast of the Chambers that they pay liberally for literary service, nor have they ever been known to print a pirated edition of any work. These enterprising brothers have done more, perhaps, than any other two individuals of the age for the promotion of sound and useful knowledge, and the cultivation of an improved standard of popular taste for reading, by their Edinburgh Journal and other publications; and they have accomplished all without patronage, having on their first arrival in Edinburgh some twenty years ago, been obliged to vend small pamphlets about the streets for their support.

The literary enterprises of the Continental publishers have received such interruption by the political excitements which have prevailed the past two years that we have not made any special inquiry as to their present condition. Even Dumas, like his no less fecund contemporary, James, has well nigh ceased to write or indite; and Thiers seems to prefer politics to his pen, although his History of the Consulate of Napoleon produced him 500,000 francs, from his publisher, Gosselin. Eugene Sue, Soulié, Lamartine, Scribe, and others, have derived princely sums from their works. Scribe for example received, it is said, in all, 2 400,000 francs for his numerous dramatic productions, and Chateaubriand 500 000 francs for his Memoire, while Lamartine made his pen no less prolific of pecuniary results, although his improvidence seems to have exhausted them all. Didot, who is very rich, Galignani, and Gosselin, are among the most promient of the publishers of Paris. There are others, however,—Baudry, the republisher of the classics bearing his name,—Masson, who issues mostly medical books,—Balliére, who has a house also in London, the publisher of medical works; also Boret, Matthias, and Bachelier, who issue chiefly works of a scientific character. Didot estimated that during the first eight months of the year 1840 the issues of the French press were 87,000 new works, 3,700 reprints, and about 4,000 translations.

Brockhaus's establishment of Leipzic is, with the exception of Chambers's the most important and complete of its kind in Europe. Its several departments are devoted to the paper-making, type-making, stereotyping, printing, and binding; it has also apartments for the accomodation of a corps of editors—all included within the walls of the huge building. They have over 100 agents and correspondents in the various German States; Longmans, we believe, have, however, nearly double that number.

About 325 clerks and artizans are regularly engaged in this establishment; and the utmost regularity and system prevail throughout its multiform operations. Eight steam power and 42 iron hand presses are there used, which print off 110,000 sheets of 24 pages per day; in addition to which, there are usually engaged about 36 artists and engravers on steel and wood, who likewise occupy rooms in the establishment. Brockhaus, like the Harpers, sell only their own publications. They also issue a daily paper—*Deutsch Allgem Zeitung*. Cotta is the publisher of the works of Schiller, Goethe, and other classics; Goethe received 30,000 crowns for his copyright: and of Schiller's works, over 80,000 copies had been sold some time since.

Among the publishers of the United States, Messrs. Harper & Brothers of course take the precedence; they may be indeed regarded as the most important as to the numerical extent of their operations, of any in the world. Compared with Longmans, however, their pecuniary disbursements for copyrights are doubtless far inferior,—most of the works they republish being available to their purpose gratuitously. This being the case, the numerical extent of their issues cannot be judged by those of Longmans, who embark an immense amount of capital in authorship. Another item of expense, advertising, bears a small proportion in their case to the great London firm—the charges for advertising being at least four times as much in England as they are in the United States. The Harpers pay about $4,000 a year for advertising. The duty on paper forms also a no inconsiderable item in the estimates of the English publisher. As an instance of the relative copywright payments, we might refer to that of Mr. Macaulay's History of England,—Longmans pay the author £6,000—$30,000 for the first ten years' lease of his two volumes,—the Harpers £200—$1,000. Still the Harpers pay by far the largest premiums for the priority of new English works, and to some of their popular American authors they have been enabled to give munificent sums. Mr. Prescott has received in the neighborhood of $30.000; Mr. Stephens about the same; Rev. Mr. Barnes nearly as much, and Prof. Anthon more; while of Morse's Geography, over half a million copies have been printed. They also pay $6,000 for the literary labor of Prof. Andrew's forthcoming Latin Lexicon. The Harpers are possessed of unrivalled resources and facilities. Within their own establishment, all the details and machinery of publishing are carried on, with the exception of paper making and type founding. Their extensive range of buildings, equal to six or seven five story houses, they divide into the several departments of composing rooms, stereotype foundry, press rooms, warehouses, bindery, &c. Nineteen double medium power presses, besides Napier presses, are constantly throwing off printed sheets, to the extent of some 70 reams per diem; while in the bindery 50 barrels of flour are required for making paste every year, as well as 1,200 dozen sheepskins, 750 pieces of muslin of 40 square yards each, and sixty tons of pasteboard. Over 40,000 lbs. of metal are used per annum for casting stereotype plates, of which their vaults contain about $300,000 worth: they also have about 70,000 lbs. of various founts of type in their composing rooms. Even the cuttings from the edges of the books, in the process of binding, amount to 18 tons of shavings per annum, which are sold to the papermakers. Their annual sales have been estimated in round numbers at 2,000.000 volumes, including pamphlets. There are attached to this establishment usually from 300 to 350 employees, in the various departments of the business, among that number about 100 being females, who fold and sew the sheets of books.

Mr. Putnam, of Broadway, bids fair to elevate the standard of bibliographic taste among us by his numerous and splendid issues; and Messrs. Appleton deserves also the thanks of all lovers of elegant books for the beautiful style in which most of their publications are produced. Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, as well as Lea & Blanchard, are also well known as extensive publishers; and the worthy bibliopoles of our "Modern Athens" are not likely to be forgotten in a survey of the doings of the craft; but our subject seems to expand rather than diminish, as we progress with it, and we must therefore refrain from further specifications.

Before closing our sketch, we must, however, refer to the fact of a new book market which seems to have sprung up almost spontaneously into existence,—that of Cincinnati. Four or five large bookselling and publishing firms are there in full operation, for the supply of the great West. The pecuniary operations of two or three of these amount already to something like $175,000 per annum; the names of Messrs. Derby & Co., James & Co., W. B. Smith & Co., will at once recur to the reader. Over one million per annum is said to be already devoted to this branch of western enterprise; and the amount must necessarily every year be increased.

There is one consideration that naturally recurs to the mind in reviewing the progressive advancement of literary enterprise,—it is the desirableness of an international copyright on the products of mind; let this be effected, and the rights of the author be respected, and his labor paid for wherever it is appreciated, and equity and law will in this respect at least have become equivalent terms.

F. S.

PHYSICAL PAIN OF DYING

The act of dying is technically termed "the agony;" but the pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The penetration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose.—The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her deathbed a few years ago." The same words have often been uttered under similar circumstances.

A second and a common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibibiity still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Wherever there is sensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

The facilities survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they badly testify in languid and broken phrase that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." In many of these instances, and in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored: and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain.

There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigences of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up, with well-ordained minds, a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand, and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connections or are experiencing our own. To be shot is the easiest mode of terminating life; yet rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel, and the mind, to reflect. In drowning, the struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain; in the majority of instances a pleasing languor succeeds, without any sense of suffocation.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives.

The most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botonical party, who in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down.

The same was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wandered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence.

The pain of burning, if instantaneous, is believed to be but slight—but a momentary shock to the nervous system; but as a protracted method of execution it must be exceedingly distressing.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside; nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of fagots hindered the flames ascending and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitter cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting which owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is, still we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the preéminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thrist; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.—*London Quarterly Review.*

BEST ROOMS.

Among all the follies prevalent in the middle classes, that of sacrificing family comfort and convenience to the absurd desire of having a "best room," is one of the most ridiculous. Let it not be inferred that we consider good furniture, elegant curtains, and handsome carpets as superfluous luxuries for people in plebeian state, far from it. Consistent taste and prudent display are to be as much admired in the house of a commoner as in saloons of a nobleman; but when a room is set apart in a small domicile as the mere receptacle of company, and all in that room held sacred to frigid ceromony and ostentatious pretensions; when the chairs are cased in Holland jackets, and the carpet put on its pinafore of the same material for months together, when the apartment is literally "shut up," indicating that family comfort lies dead within it, then may the "best room" be condemned as worse than useless.

For our own part we think there is something perfectly terrifying in being asked into a fine, stately drawing-room—the polished bars shining with unnatural brightness—the fire irons arranged in stiff angles, evidently never appropriated to their purpose—the tables most geometrically studded with glossy, unread volumes of rubbish, and the besilked and betasselled sofas, looking as if they were intended for anything but sitting on. We give an involuntary shudder as we are left to gaze upon costly chimney-ornaments and japanned screens, while the lady of the house is, most probably, making a rush to execute the metamorphose of dress and cap. We would much rather have been introduced to the common parlor, where we should have beheld some signs of social vitality and thawed ourselves into good humored cheerfulness; but then and there we might have seen a basket of stockings and socks undergoing the process of repair, the youngsters might have been lugging the chairs about, and left a tailless and wheelless cart in the foreground. We might have formed suspicions that bloaters had been among the main condiments, and oh! most dire of all! we might have found the mistress in a somewhat rumpled morning wrapper and a "fright of a cap;" still we should greatly prefer the risks of breaking our neck over Noah's ark, sitting on a heap of undarned hose, and encountering a fifth-rate head gear, to the petrifying, spirit damping fifteen minutes we are often sentenced to in a "best room."

Very trying things are these "best rooms," especially when the lady proprietor is "excessively particular," and walks round it with her laced cambric, which she insinuates into every crevice, to ascertain if the unhappy housemaid has done her duty efficiently. Heaven preserve us from a hostess who is devoted to a "best room."

The children, if there happen to be such humanizing things in the establishment, look upon the walls with a sort of religious awe. They never "play" in the "best room;" they never dream of clutching at the splendid bell rope; they never have the most remote idea of making Lord Mayors' coaches of the embroidered footstools; they never think of playing at "bopeep" behind the richly-fringed damask drapery; they never dare to speculate as to whether with a stout pin, they could pick out the eyes of a queer little man on the Indian card-box; mirth and mischief are thoroughly mesmerized, and the little darlings sit or stand as though their lifetime had been thoroughly manufactured into the "best starch."

And let us confess that we experience no inconsiderable sense of misery ourselves in such a situation. It may be that a trace of the gipsy blood is in our veins, or that some natural disqualification for "gentility," equally ignoble, marks us, but we certainly are never quite comfortable in a room that is only occupied on "grand occasions."

We remember being once put into a "best room," in order that our devotions to Apollo might be undisturbed. It was, doubtless, a considerate and gracious condescension on the part of our entertainers, but never shall we forget the shudder that came over us as the door closed, and we stood alone amid all the "pomps and vanities" of a domestic Iceland. The room was large enough for all needed comfort and agreeable "elbow space," but perfectly apoplectic with upholstered repletion. Every article of furniture was mathematically placed; every chair and ottoman was as prim and proper as a row of young ladies during the first hour of an evening party. The chandeliers and candelabras were "done up" in sombre-looking garments, and the curtains and sweeping draperies assumed the same sullen frigidity. Not a tint of the carpet could be seen; scarcely a ray of light was admitted through the closely blinded windows, and we stood transfixed between a gorgeous "console" in book muslin, and a grand "divan" in a brown Holland "Taglioni," with our inspiration oozing out rapidly.

We had conceived a notion of some "Stanzas on the Autumn Sunshine," but as we glanced around on the formal arrangement of disguised splendor, we lost all the elixir of Poetry, and become as hard, worldly, and common place as a penny-piece on a bar counter; our copy book (we always indite in a copy-book, gentle reader,) was flung down on the richly inlaid table, with an air of offended pride and wounded sensibility. How could we gather "thoughts that burn," in the vicinity of sofas that looked like sepulchral stones? or find "words that breathe," where everything was close, muffled, and choked? No; our spirit revolted and we stood in sulky silence, remembering with invidious contrast the snug family apartment we had occupied the day before. The cosy room had its well worn carpet, its broad, soft, old fashioned couch; its chintz-covered, *really* easy-chairs; its cheerful bit of fire, though it was only the end of September; its ancient fender, on which you *might* put your feet; its friendly-looking woollen table-cover; with a stain or two of ink and wine on it; its quaint old pictures of a venerable grandfather, in a snuff-colored coat and powder, and a respectable grandmother in rounded sleeves and a "toupee," and had its mantel piece loaded with china shepherds and shepherdesses; and above all, it had its pleasant little bay-window, where a pet myrtle was supported by a couple of choice geraniums.

We had been quite at home in this cosy room, and had managed to get through a very fair "effusion," despite the thousand and one interruptions we were liable to. It is true that a privileged spaniel and a pugnacious kitten startled us every now and then with symptoms of "fire-eyed fury;" that a mysterious discussion was ever and anon resumed between three wool-working girls, on the point of "shades in Berlin;" that a stalwart youth broke up a sublime line in our third verse, by hunting in a corner closet for a shot-belt; and that a curly headed urchin in petticoats, whose respect we had lost forever by allowing him to bowl us out at cricket, had the impertinent audacity to peep over our shoulder and stigmatize certain inspired hieroglyphics as being "very funny." Yet we got on famously, for we were happy and content with social homeliness about us; and were we to undertake an Epic to-morrow, we would prefer attempting the glorious task amid the confusion of household noises in a "family parlor," especially including upstart kittens and impertinent children, to working at the same in a solitary "best room," where the warmest strings of our harp must turn into stalactites. We confess we have a strong natural predilection for the "tree and easy" mode of existing; and somehow we find that people who pride themselves on "exclusively best rooms," generally expect a degree of ceremonious caution and physical restraint to be exercised in these said rooms, which materially interferes with our simple notions of happiness.

We observe that these rooms are generally only in "use" on some specific occasion, when those invited are scarcely as cold and stiff as those who invite; and many a time have we oscillated between a smile and a sigh, to see the "lady of the house," who was really a very amiable being in the "general parlor," grow into something of a strange and fish-like character, as she restrained herself into a bearing and tone which she thought adapted to her "best room." How we have pitied her as we have seen her give the last becoming arrangement to her rich satin d